Week ending September 2 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

H. E. BATES SERIAL
The Scarlet Sword

COMPLETE STORIES BY
BARRY PEROWNE and ALASTAIR SCOBIE

. . . when I saw my poor saucepan. But the sight of Vim cheered me.

You should have seen that burnt blackness slide away with Vim's *smoother, faster touch!*

For smoother, faster cleaning

Brighter Wives insist on VIM

V 268-541 *Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited*

In Paris, shantung takes top place, perfect with the Lux Look

Sketched in Paris by the well-known fashion artist Harambure

COOL AND ELEGANT, shantung is the ideal choice for this belted jacket—worn with a slim, dark skirt. Perfect for warm days—and the Lux Look ensures that it will always retain that bandbox freshness which is its whole charm.

Lux cleanses your most precious and important garments absolutely thoroughly. It keeps your woollens, stockings, lingerie and blouses fresh and immaculately clean. And the marvellous thing is, Lux is *safe*, even for the finest fabrics. You see, those transparent diamonds dissolve instantly, even in lukewarm water, and the rich and penetrating lather gently eases out every bit of dirt. There are no undissolved particles left behind to damage and weaken fibres.

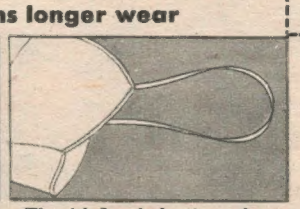
And Lux takes care of your hands, too—leaves them smooth and gardenia white. Remember the economical double-size packet—1/3d.

A COOL REPLY

A smart answer to the hot weather is this enchanting little shantung jacket sketched in Paris by Harambure. With Lux to wash it in you can be confident that it will always remain spick and span. Only Lux, with its rich, cleansing suds, can wash close-textured silks and cottons really *clean*.

Lux care means longer wear

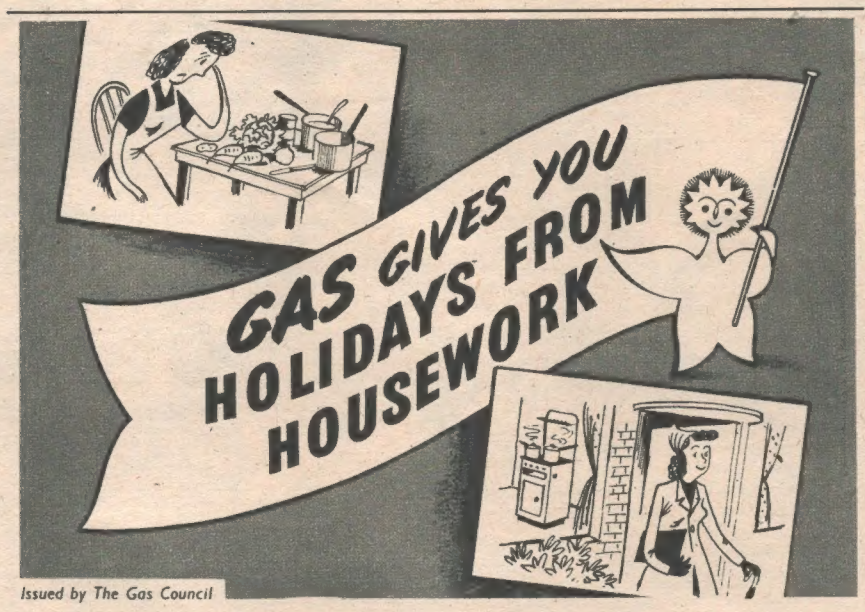
Greasy dirt on slips and shoulder-straps is sometimes difficult to remove. Yet rubbing with hard soap can cause holes and fraying.



The rich Lux lather is gentle yet so effective. Even greasy dirt is removed quickly and safely. Lux care means undies last far longer.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in LUX

LX 2999F-303 A *LEVER* PRODUCT



Issued by The Gas Council

Only 9d. Per Roll

A Real Money Saver...

TEACH your children the meaning of economy and good habits at the same time.

Buy Capensis Toilet Paper

Capensis is wonderfully soft, and guaranteed 100% pure. And it is one of the lowest-priced toilet rolls on the market.

Obtainable from Stationers, Grocers, Chemists and Domestic Stores.

CAPENSIS TOILET ROLL

EDITORIAL

Conscription, alone, will not meet our peril

THE PRINCIPLE OF compulsory military service has for long been viewed with distaste and accepted only with reluctance by the British public. In wartime, we have been dangerously slow in adopting it; in peacetime we shrank from it until just before the second World War broke upon us.

For years, Englishmen had loftily regarded the universal military training and rapidly mobilized conscript armies of France, Germany and other Continental nations with abhorrence. We maintained a small Regular Army which won all the local wars of the Victorian age. It was strengthened by volunteers at the time of the Boer War, when patriotic emotion was deeply stirred.

But it was not until the first World War had nearly been lost that Britain at last introduced legal conscription for the first time in her history. Even then, it was modified by the setting up of a complicated apparatus of tribunals and "exemptions."

After the 1918 Armistice, the great multitude of conscripts melted away, many of them without even waiting to be officially demobilized. The natural feeling that compulsory service could be tolerated only in wartime reasserted itself. The rush home was not due only to war-weariness. And for years afterwards the belief in organized world peace under the League of Nations made it appear that conscription was as dead as the pressgang of a century earlier.

WHEN the dream of peace turned into a nightmare of coming war, Hitler forced us into taking one of the most drastic steps in all our history; he made us accept conscript military training in what was still nominally peacetime.

It was fiercely opposed in principle, not merely by "cranks," but by many who sincerely thought that the world could be saved for civilization without such a surrender of personal liberty.

We had to adopt it then because there was no escape, and events soon proved its inevitability. Yet instinctive British hatred of compulsory military service survived even the total war of 1940-45. We still dislike the idea. The difference is that there are few today who will dispute the necessity.

The majority now accepts the fact that we must have conscription, and will back the Government if, as seems certain, it asks Parliament to lengthen the period of compulsory service.

There will be no flinching from the facts and needs of the hour.

But there should be a great and united national determination to seek every other means of strengthening our armed forces with all speed.

Obviously, extended conscription is not the answer to our present danger. In itself, it is no answer, for it will not meet our needs. As Liddell Hart points out in his article this week, the British Army, though twice as large as before the war, yet has *less than half as many active divisions.* "It is almost as large as the French Army, and conscripts men for a longer period, yet has produced even fewer than the meagre French number of divisions."

The serious "gap" which is here revealed cannot be made up just by lengthening the period of conscription. The problem is great and complicated.

SOMEHOW, we have got to provide sufficient numbers of trained men, fully equipped with the most modern weapons, to take our rightful share in the defence of freedom. And we have got to do that without seriously injuring our industrial production, on which our ability to provide these weapons partly depends.

More important still, we have got to organize the basic military training of our young conscripts without robbing the Regular forces of too many experienced men, who will be needed for the operational divisions and squadrons we must have.

This is no longer a party matter but a national emergency, and the Government has taken a wise course in recalling Parliament so that the problems can be thrashed out and faced squarely by all.

It is equally wise to give priority to the reform of conditions of service in the Regular forces.

Let us not forget that there are plenty of able-bodied young men, battle-trained in the last war, who will be ready to join the Forces if obsolete ideas are scrapped and they are offered as good a career as they can get in civil life. But simple improvements in pay and amenities may not be enough. The job of defending the country must now be rated as highly as it deserves.

History is teaching us that we cannot afford to economize at the expense of our security, or to be cheeseparing in performing our duty to civilization.

ON OTHER PAGES

ARTICLES

WOMAN WHO RULES BRITISH BALLET	by Elkan Allan	7
A FRANK TALK WITH FRENCH ARMY'S CHIEF	by Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart	9
I AM THAT BOGEYMAN—A DENTIST	by James Terry	12
DAIRYMAID JOYCE PUTS THE TANG IN CHEDDAR	by John May	14
SPEAKING UP FOR DAISY MAY	by Keith Ellis	17
PICK AND SHOVEL IDEALISTS	by W. E. Purcell	19

FICTION

THE SCARLET SWORD (Part 3 of 8-part serial)	by H. E. Bates	10
SKELETON CREW	by Barry Perowne	16
MONTH OF MADNESS	by Alastair Scobie	22

FEATURES: FREE SPEECH . 4 OH, JOHNNY! . 27 HUMAN MACHINE . 27
NOW YOU KNOW . 29 COMPETITIONS . 30

He stands at the Cross Roads

—the choice is yours. Give your baby the right food during these short but vital early months and the foundation of future physical fitness and stamina will be well and truly laid. Give him the wrong food and a life of regret may well be yours. Cow & Gate has been proved over two generations to be the world's finest baby food. It is more than a Baby Food—it is a gilt edged investment and insurance policy combined. No wonder so many Royal Mothers choose Cow & Gate for their babies. Nothing is too good for your baby, so follow their example and buy a tin today!

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES

"All this washing gives us women rheumatism!"

MEDICAL research has discovered that about three times as many women as men suffer from rheumatism.

Why is this? Are women naturally more prone to some rheumatic disorders, or does their work encourage the complaint?

CAN'T BE BOTHERED

A woman is often too busy looking after her family to worry about herself. Is it this way that she reduces her resistance to rheumatic infection? She will put up with the persistent nagging twinges because of her natural fortitude. She can't be bothered about a doctor.

But early diagnosis and treatment of rheumatism is vitally important. The sooner the disease is diagnosed, the more likely it is to respond satisfactorily to treatment. That is why you should consult your doctor at the onset. Only he can prescribe the correct treatment. In many cases of rheumatism a saline preparation is prescribed. One of the best-known saline preparations is Kruschen.

A NATURAL TREATMENT

Rheumatism may often be caused by impurities in the system. Kruschen helps the body to expel these impurities in the normal way. Kruschen is not an ordinary laxative. It is six specially blended salts. These work in two ways—aperient and diuretic—thus aiding the bowels and the kidneys to rid themselves, and the body, of impurities through the natural channels. Kruschen can prevent these impurities from forming again.

Kruschen costs 1/4 and 2/4 (in Powder and Crystals) from Chemists and Grocers. The 2/4 size will last you twice as long.

KRUSCHEN

Stars love
SPANGLES
(just too, too divinely fruity)

Pa's love
SPANGLES
(the children make 'em last for ages)

Ladies who open
bazaars love
SPANGLES
(I declare there's nothing sticky about these)

—and you'll love
SPANGLES
LUSCIOUS ASSORTED
CRYSTAL FRUITS
Made by Mars

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
SEPTEMBER 2, 1950 VOL. 88 NO. 2305 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Four-year-old has his own language

WHILE OUT STROLLING one Sunday afternoon my wife and I noticed that our younger son—not quite four years old—was running on in front of us looking earnestly at the house gates, saying a few words, then running on to the next gate to do the same. We overtook him and I was intrigued to hear him say: "A kink-kink, a telephone and a straight one." At the next gate it was: "A telephone, a telephone and a straight one." And at the next: "A cuddly baby, a telephone and a straight one."

The numbers on the gates were 142, 144, and 146. I soon realized he was reading, in a language of his own, all the numbers in the street. He had a name for all the figures. They were: straight one (1), kink-kink (2), greedy thing (3), telephone (4), esser or essa (5), cuddly baby (6), leaning backwards (7), glasses (8), dirty thing (9), and lion (nought). For number 283 he would say, "a greedy thing, glasses and a kink-kink"—proving that he was reading from right to left instead of left to right.

Can other readers throw any light on how, to a child so young, a 6 is "a cuddly baby," 3 grows into "a greedy thing" or 9 becomes "a dirty thing"?—T. E. WINKS, 170 Melbourne Road, Aspley, Nottingham.

At School In The Highlands

CONGRATULATIONS TO ALAN MCGREGOR for his authentic report of life at the open-air school at Glenmore Lodge ("City Kids' Highland Fling," July 29). I am one of the forty girls who attended the course and one of the group whose picture was published in JOHN BULL. Many of the girls like myself were not very sure of the idea at first, but when the time came for us to leave the Lodge we went home with hearts as heavy as the baggage we were carrying. To any boy or girl who gets the opportunity to go to Glenmore Lodge I say: Take it; if you turn down the chance you will always regret it.—DOROTHY ANN STUART, 156 Cardowan Road, Carntyne, Glasgow.

Dorothy Stuart

Praise For Charlie's Gang

I WAS VERY INTERESTED in the first of the articles on the Homes of Tomorrow by Harry Hopkins, "Charlie's Gang Speeds Up The Houses" (JOHN BULL, August 5), as I must be one of the tenants mentioned. Our own prefabricated house was started in January and we moved into it in June. One of the first things my husband and I noticed was the way the builders worked on this estate in Romford, Essex. There was no hanging around at all—they were just out to get the work done. Everything in our house has been well-planned: we have plenty of cupboards and the rooms are very light and airy. We are very grateful to "Charlie's Gang" and would like to thank all the men who have made it possible for us to have such a fine home in which to bring up our children.—MRS. DORIS E. DUNCAN, 51 Chippenham Road, Harold Hill Estate, Romford, Essex.

. . . As I read the first article I looked across the field and saw what a farce prefabrication can be. There is quite a number of prefabricated houses in this corner of the north-east and I am safe in saying that they have cost half as much again in alterations since they were built two years ago. Ceilings fell down first. Then windows began leaking, so aluminium strips were screwed on to the outsides. Someone decided on fireproofing, so walls with fireplaces were bricked up and plastered. The roofs got a turn next: the whole lot have been stripped and re-tiled. Next it was decided to plasterboard the whole house—but instead of the walls being stripped, plasterboard is being nailed on top of the existing wall-board, which has already been condemned. Prefabrication may be all right for "Charlie's Gang," but in this weather-beaten part of Scotland it is just a farce.—ROBERT STRACHAN, 20 Shore Street, Cairnluly, by Fraserburgh, Scotland.

Sand And Soccer In Mespot

STANLEY RUSSELL'S ARTICLE, "Soccer Finds A New Big Name" (JOHN BULL, August 12) brought back many memories for me—including the shocking climatic conditions. The sand and malaria we had in Mesopotamia. I well remember the soccer "international" with the Irish referee and two Welsh linesmen and still treasure a copy of the programme for this match. It was played on January 1, 1919. I have seen quite a lot of centre-forwards since then, but still think S/M Osborne as we then knew him was the pick of them all.—J. H., Dumfries.

THE EMBRY ESCAPE
See page 24

Hotels Better In India

HAVING SPENT MOST OF my life in India, I was very interested in Robert Jackson's article ("I Visit The New India," July 29). Though I agree with most of what he says, I must join issue with him over hotels. I have visited the two dominions four times in the last five years and found the hotels well up to, and possibly beyond, the standard in this country—excellent rooms, very good food and service rather better than hotels in England. The hotel where I have been holidaying in the Scottish Highlands was by no means cheap, yet there was no soap in the room, no reading lights, no water laid on to the bedrooms, and one bathroom for about a dozen rooms. Baths were not available before breakfast or between six and seven p.m., the food was poor, and the service had nothing on what I had experienced in the East.—DAVID TULLOCH, Greenstead, Barnton, Midlothian.

Morris Dancers Went On Tour

I GREATLY APPRECIATED the article, "Dancing Through The Village" (JOHN BULL, August 5). Many years ago I used to tour the villages of North and East Ridings with the York team demonstrating folk dances. Ian Bevan's statement that these dances are for men only has prompted me to send you this snapshot showing women in a Morris dance in a street at Strensall.—MISS G. SMALLWOOD, 43 Thorpe Street, Scarcroft Road, York.

A Yorkshire fling—the women's Morris

Shoddy Goods

IS IT NOT ABOUT TIME that manufacturers of women's clothing had a little more thought and foresight about belts and buckles? Almost all matching dress belts are lined with imitation leather; buckles are made of coloured cardboard covered with the dress material. This precludes them from acceptance for dry cleaning—firms will not accept the risk—yet if they are washed in the normal way the imitation leather becomes soft and soggy, the belt loses shape, and the colour from the cardboard washes out and stains the material. I washed a dress, a £3 12s. 6d. "washing frock," for the first time last week. Belt and buckle were cardboard-lined, so I sponged them very carefully, drying with a towel as I went along. For all my pains the lining of the buckle came away in my hands. It had been glued on!—MRS. NANCY REES, 17 Bryn Road, Neath, Glamorgan, South Wales.

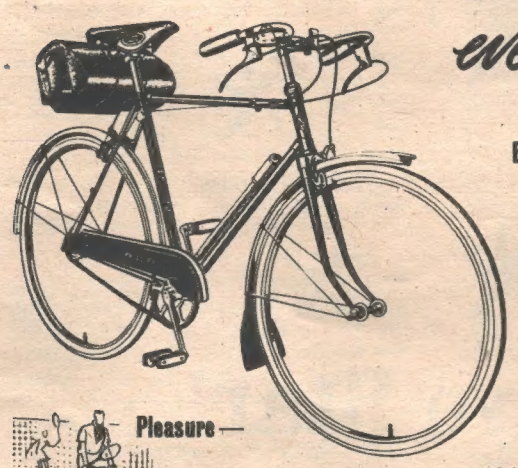
. . . By the end of July practically every scrap of pile had worn off the rug I had bought at the beginning of the year. I took the label back to the shop and the manager offered to supply another rug and thanked me for bringing back the worn one. If people would *do* something when they find they have purchased shoddy goods instead of just moaning, shopkeepers would probably prefer it and in time we might get better goods.—MRS. A. M. L., Margate, Kent.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"THIS is a favourite game when the tide and wind are high," says cover artist M. B. Critchlow. "When we exchanged flats with a friend at Hove for a holiday, our boys joined in with great glee, standing by the rail until a drenching was almost inevitable, then dashing for safety. The smaller boys were always too slow—I dread to think of mother's reaction when they arrived home!"

At last — THE BICYCLE THAT GIVES YOU everything



Business—

Here is your ideal model. Never before have so many outstanding features been included in one model . . . . . Reynolds '531' Frame. Phillips' Continental Handlebars on Phillips' adjustable extension. Sturmey-Archer 3-speed. Dunlop "Sprite" Tyres. "Philite" Lightweight Pedals and finished in lustrous black or translucent moss green on Bonderized rust-proof surface.

PRICE . . . £16-14-2 Tax Paid (Ladies or Gents).

Pleasure—

or Evening Leisure

Write to-day for illustrated literature, brochure "Perfection in Cycling" and name of your nearest dealer to J. A. Phillips and Co., Ltd., Credenda Works, Smethwick, Birmingham.

SEE THE PHILLIPS *Lightweight Tourist* AT YOUR DEALER'S NOW

Miss Wise uses S.R. and **keeps her white teeth!**

Because S.R. containing sodium ricinoleate★ protects teeth from their greatest danger— GUM TROUBLE!

Your sparkling white teeth will be protected if the gums they grow in are kept healthy. Gum trouble—dentists tell us—is a more costly enemy than decay. This is why S.R. Toothpaste contains a proved gum protection ingredient — sodium ricinoleate.

Regular brushing with S.R. strengthens your gums' resistance to troubles that can undermine the whitest, most perfect teeth. S.R. is the toothpaste that does a double job for you—keeps your teeth beautifully white and protects them by guarding gums.

Remember: *your teeth are only as safe as the gums they grow in*—so insure your smile for the future by seeing your dentist twice yearly and using S.R. twice daily.

★ *Did you know that dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate to promote gum health ?*

teeth white— gums right!

GR 218-618

FASTER PROMOTION AND—

LONG SERVICE CAREERS

in the **ROYAL AIR FORCE**

THE NEW TRADE STRUCTURE recently announced for the Royal Air Force ground trades will greatly widen the opportunities that the Service can offer to present and future members. The benefits may be summarised as follows:—

Rank and pay will depend upon experience and individual ability rather than on mere vacancies.

The regrouping of over 100 different Trades into 22 Trade Groups will provide increased opportunities for advancement, and in most of them there will be the opportunity of reaching top rates of pay.

All qualified airmen will have the opportunity to sign on for long service careers up to the age of 55 *with prospects of pensions up to £5 a week.*

A skilled man in any Royal Air Force Trade will have the added opportunity to qualify for promotion as a technician in addition to normal opportunities.

NOW MORE THAN EVER THE R.A.F. IS A TARGET FOR MEN WITH AN AIM IN LIFE

Send coupon now for more details

TO: AIR MINISTRY (J.B.12) VICTORY HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... AGE .....

"GIVE *ME* MEDDOCREAM!" SAYS COLIN—

Colin . . .may not know the technical reasons why freshly made ice cream is so much better than the cold storage kind . . . but he *does* know that Meddocream is jolly good ice cream anyway—and just right for eating!

BUY IT WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN

Meddocream REGD TRADE MARK

BETTER BECAUSE IT'S FRESHLY MADE TO-DAY

MEDDOCREAM LTD · WARD END · BIRMINGHAM · 8 ·

FOUR SQUARE
in Vacuum Tins - every pipeful perfect!

There's nothing to compare with Four Square's famous flavour, fresh from the Vacuum Tin! In prime condition when packed, in prime condition when opened, Four Square stays fresh to the last pipeful, burns cool and sweet to the last shred. Only the vacuum tin—and Four Square quality—can give you such perfect smoking pleasure. Buy Four Square and be sure: all six blends are vacuum packed—your favourite amongst them.

VACUUM PACKED in 1 oz., 2 oz. and 4 oz. TINS

FOUR SQUARE
TOBACCOS

'Five-Star' Motoring is Coming

The Best at Lowest Cost

Ford
OF DAGENHAM

GREAT PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER

To readers of JOHN BULL

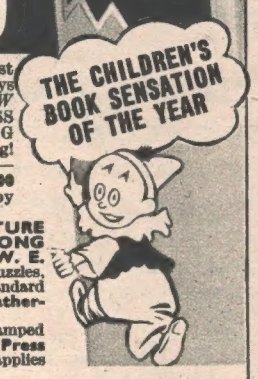
Absolutely NEW — READY OCTOBER

THE
GOLDEN BOOK OF COMICS

Mum! Dad! Auntie! Uncle! Here's the very first news of **THE** children's book that will thrill boys and girls with joy—the *ENTIRELY NEW* **"GOLDEN BOOK OF COMICS"**—NOW at PRESS—READY MID-OCTOBER. ASTOUNDING value, exciting, colourful, amusing and fascinating! **It's the children's book sensation of the season**—original, different, mammoth value! Over **900 illustrations; 320 B-I-G PAGES** (size 10 in. by 7 in.)—**65 in lovely colour.**

Over 70 Full-length COMIC STRIPS, PICTURE STORIES and SHORT FEATURES. 16 LONG STORIES by favourites such as **Enid Blyton, W. E. Johns, Rose Fyleman** among others. Games, puzzles, things-to-do, endless fun. **Reserve it today!** Standard Edition, bookcloth, **7s. 6d. De Luxe Edition, leather-cloth, 8s. 6d.** Price includes postage, etc.

ACT NOW! Fill in and post Form below, in 1d. stamped unsealed envelope to **Dept. J.C.1. Odhams Press Ltd., 1 Dryden St., London, W.C.2.** Offer applies U.K. and Eire only and closes September 13.



Amazing VALUE

OVER **900** PICTURES

320 PAGES

65 IN COLOUR

70 COMIC FEATURES

48 AUTHORS & ARTISTS

ENID BLYTON
W. E. JOHNS
ROSE FYLEMAN
EDGAR SPENCELEY
MABEN
and many others

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

Please reserve in my name *"THE GOLDEN BOOK OF COMICS"* in edition shown and send my Privilege Certificate and Invoice (when book is ready in mid-October) with Full Satisfaction or Money Back Guarantee.
Cross out edition *not* required.

(a) *Standard* (b) *De Luxe.* Use BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

..... J.C.1./C.C.B.2/—2/9/50

MAKE Sure of it NOW for Xmas!

The VERY thing to get and keep till Xmas morn!

Write FOR ILLUSTRATED FOLDER AND NAME OF YOUR LOCAL AGENT TO
E.C. GRAVESTOCK LTD NEW AVENUE SHOEMAKERS KETTERING

You can rely on

Alasil TABLETS

To RELIEVE PAIN
To CHECK a COLD

A Product of the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories.

MAKE 'Alasil' Tablets your constant stand-by . . . ready at a moment to relieve pain, to check a cold, to help you sleep.

'Alasil' Tablets incorporate new and advanced principles. They combine the best pain-relieving agent known to science with an equally effective antacid which soothes and protects the stomach.

For these reasons 'Alasil' Tablets can be taken by everyone, without unpleasant after-effects. Moreover, 'Alasil' Tablets dissolve at once on the tongue or in water and begin to act without delay.

Thousands are switching to 'Alasil' for the rapid relief of HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, COLDS & CHILLS, RHEUMATIC PAIN, SLEEPLESSNESS, PERIODIC PAINS.

Small size tablets:
Cartons 4d. Glass tubes 1/7 Bottles 2/10
Large size tablets:
Glass tubes 1/7 Bottles 3/1½

A.S.117

Moira Shearer and Michael Somes in *Cinderella.* While the audience applauds, the judgments that really matter come from the onlooker in Box B

Woman who rules British Ballet

by ELKAN ALLAN

NINETTE DE VALOIS (Mrs. Arthur Connell); director, Sadler's Wells Ballet; no responsibilities." So ran the slip made out in Leeds National Service office when the 1898 group registered during the recent war. Its subject was angry at the wording; her friends mostly thought it was comic. If running the most successful ballet company in the world, serving on a dozen committees, and looking after her doctor-husband's home were not responsibilities, what were? The Ministry of Labour and National Service in London agreed, and she was authorized to carry on.

The thought of Ninette de Valois without responsibilities is ludicrous: all her life she has sought to take on as many jobs as she could handle. At the moment she is in complete charge of two ballet companies with 111 people. She helps to run the Sadler's Wells School. She is vice-president of the Royal Academy of Dancing and is active in other societies as well.

It is this woman—noted for her absent-mindedness and her ultra-feminine fondness for decorative and different hats—who, almost alone, has been responsible for making British ballet supreme, certainly in the Western world and perhaps everywhere. This is the more incredible when it is realized that before de Valois good British ballet virtually did not exist.

"My problem is how to cram thirty hours' work into twenty-four," she says. Then she adds with unaffected innocence: "Isn't it the same with everybody?"

A woman who works as hard as this must inevitably lose something of her femininity. Although in appearance she could be mistaken for a smartly dressed, grey-haired housewife, there is a certain ruthlessness about her which chills a warm atmosphere. When she takes a rehearsal, it is like a guards' parade. Wearing a flowered dress, she claps her hands, and the small room in the basement of the Kingsway Hall, filled with almost the full company, quietens.

A piano bangs out a tune from her ballet, *Don Quixote,* and she calls out: "One-two-three-four." The long row of pretty girls dressed in

Ninette de Valois is the gentle autocrat whose genius has made British ballet supreme in the West. How it has been done is the story of one woman's ruthless drive to success. When she takes a rehearsal, it is like a guards' parade and even stars are awed

black tights and shirts, with bands to keep their hair neat, moves forward chanting "One-two-three-four" with her, trying to remember what she has told them to do on each number. "No, no, no, no!" she shouts, clapping her hands again, and the piano stops. She demonstrates once more exactly what she wants. For a woman of fifty-two her movements are remarkably graceful, and she is able to show the dancers just what their young bodies should do.

Off goes the piano again. "One-two-three-four-five," she calls. If one of the dancers is too fumbling, she may lose her temper and say icily: "Darling, your legs look terrible." It makes the poor girl want to cut them off.

By seven thirty at night she likes to get away to her suburban home where she can indulge in her hobbies of cooking and running the house, but as often as not, she waits to see the ballet. Her private box at Covent Garden, "B," is near the pass door and handy for catching the dancers as they come off the stage. While the audience is clapping its hands off, she passes the judgments that really matter. "Very nice indeed, dear," she says to one dancer. "I thought you were rather slow in the *pas de deux*," to another. They hurry off to their dressing-rooms, accordingly elated or despondent. In the company, she is talked of with awe as "Madam," whose rule is just but severe and whose word is law.

One Idea Above All

Her ruthless attitude comes from the fixed idea she has had since she started to grow up as a ballet dancer under an assumed name: to make an English ballet company supreme. "She is like a horse with blinkers," says Robert Helpmann, male star of the ballet, enclosing his eyes with his hands, "looking neither left nor right in her desire to reach her objective." This objective was an English ballet company to hold its own with the best in the world—a company in which everyone's name was the same size on the bills. Today the names of Margot Fonteyn, Moira Shearer, Beryl Grey, Robert Helpmann and the other stars are no larger than anyone else's, and the same size as hers.

In Victorian and Edwardian times, ballet became an excuse to show off the ladies' legs at the Empire and Alhambra. Then Serge Diaghileff arrived from Russia in 1911, after storming Paris with his dazzling company, including Pavlova and Nijinsky. A great showman with the sensibility of an artist, he demonstrated once more ballet's dramatic power. He revived *Swan Lake*, with Tchaikovsky's music; presented *Les Sylphides*, interpreting in dance Chopin's images; and commissioned Stravinsky to write *Petrouchka*, the puppet who came to life.

In his audience was a little girl called Edris Stannus, from Ireland. Spellbound by the music and costumes, and, above all, by the magical dancing, she longed to cross the footlights and enter the fairy-tale world. She had been going to dancing school like most of the nice little girls of South Kensington, and was so good that everyone said she ought to be allowed to take it up professionally. At last Colonel and Mrs. Stannus gave in; she joined a children's troupe.

Impresario's Scorn

There was one snag, however: her name. "Nobody wants to see a dancer with an English name," said the experts. She was allowed to choose a *nom de plume*, and, as she had French ancestors, she made up the romantic-sounding title of "Ninette de Valois." When she grew up and became good enough to join the great Diaghileff's company, the impresario found out the deception and contemptuously insisted on spelling it "Devalois."

But before being asked to join the Russians, she was forced to take to the music halls. She had a taste of real ballet in a couple of temporary companies and, at twenty-two, she formed her own troupe rather than go back to musical comedy, the only other place on the British stage for a dancer. When she joined Diaghileff she regarded the chance as a step towards her secret goal of forming a real British company—"I went there to learn how to run a ballet."

Life was tough for the few English dancers. "We were not allowed to sit on one chair and put our feet on another at rehearsal. We were fined ten francs if we missed morning class or if our shoes came off on the stage." At Monte Carlo some of the more rebellious members, including Ninette, met in a deserted bandstand and decided to strike. A petition was circulated, but the powerful impresario easily broke the revolt.

Ninette was given the extra job of looking after a fourteen-year-old English "brat" (as she regarded her on Victoria Station before they met), little Alice Marks, who changed her name to Alicia Markova, and became, in many people's opinion, Pavlova's successor. Always thinking of the future, Ninette became absent-minded

Ninette, the perfectionist, during a rehearsal. "Ease forward," she coaxes as the other two dancers wait, posing

about the present. Sharing a hotel room with her one night, Markova looked for the alarm clock and found it outside the door. Ninette had put her shoes on the table by the bed and the clock where her shoes should have been!

She was becoming a star, with her own moments in the repertory, so it was not surprising that everyone thought she was mad when she suddenly announced she was going to leave. She felt she had learnt all she could from Diaghileff and that the time had come to set up on her own. "Deserter!" the impresario called her. When he saw she was determined, he made her promise to come back now and then to dance her own special moments. In the next year, as she was starting her Academy of Choreographic Art, a telegram arrived: *"Please come at once Turin to dance Les Biches."* So she dropped everything and hurried back for one performance.

Her school was not highly regarded in professional circles, but, in the Kensington ground-floor room which was the "Academy," she thought she knew what she was doing. Keeping time with a stick, with which she banged a hole in the new linoleum, she was training the nucleus of the first British national ballet. She is still a hard teacher, expecting everyone else to be as single-minded about the ballet as she is herself. Like other teachers, she has been known to throw her stick down in impatience at laggardly pupils.

"When Madam did that, we were pleased," says Margot Fonteyn, *prima ballerina* of the Sadler's Wells Company, who came under her later, "because we knew that it meant she thought we could do it. She was so hard that I was frightened to go into class if I was two minutes late. She must still inspire the same terror, because, when a girl in the school wrote to me the other day asking for a pair of my old dancing shoes as a souvenir, she added: 'Please don't tell Madam, or I'll be thrown out.'"

Ninette's chance to put her dreams into practice came when Lilian Bayliss, founder of the Old Vic, offered the use of the stage for rehearsal in exchange for some dancing in the operas. When the Sadler's Wells Theatre opened in 1931 (on the site where a Mr. Sadler discovered a well in 1683), she was allowed one ballet evening a fortnight. She broke fresh ground with ideas for ballets. She made Hogarth's series of pictures come to life in *The Rake's Progress*. Death and Love played a chess game in *Checkmate*.

They were dancing *Checkmate* in Holland in 1940 when the news came that the Germans had broken through and were only ten miles away. The British Embassy hurried some coaches to rescue them, but not enough for the whole company. "We can save only the women," said the official. Ninette's Irish temper blazed up and she ordered him not to be silly and to get some more coaches. "He was more scared of her than of the Germans," recalls Robert Helpmann, "and we got away all right." The costumes and scenery were lost, but she immediately started touring Army camps at a penny a seat, with borrowed clothes and a piano instead of an orchestra. There was no let-up in discipline, however. When a dancer ragged one of her ballets to get more laughs, protesting that people then needed every smile, she told him to dance it as she wrote it or it would be taken out of the repertoire.

Ballet Boom—She's Doubtful

Perhaps because it offered a creative escape from the war, ballet boomed, and full houses and all-night queues have continued to greet "the Wells" wherever they dance. "I am afraid this mass enthusiasm may be a passing phase," Ninette says. "I'd much rather have a discriminating audience than a big one."

She is looking to the future with the Sadler's Wells School. Here, 125 little girls and boys have ballet lessons instead of gym in an otherwise ordinary curriculum. Her advice to parents with graceful children: if you want them to be ballet dancers, don't have them taught before they are nine. Headmaster of the Sadler's Wells School is Arnold Haskell, famous ballet critic, who says Madam has a better eye than most anatomists. "She can tell in an instant whether a plump child will lose fat as she grows up."

Ninette does not spare herself. On a train across America, when she was sharing a sleeping compartment with Margot Fonteyn and Pamela May, she insisted on the dancers having the two good beds, and sleeping in the smallest and most uncomfortable herself. "We had to give in," says Margot. "She is so obstinate we would have sat up all night arguing otherwise." On the same journey she changed shoes with a minor dancer whose feet had swollen.

Although she cannot see a train, boat or plane without wanting to be on board, she is a bad traveller, panicking in case she is late and always losing her suitcases. The bulging bag she carries contains keys from every hotel she has stopped at by the end of a tour, and once she found a strange man's passport in it. "I still don't know how or where I picked it up," she says vaguely.

But the strangest example of her absent-mindedness was when she greeted Robert Helpmann, who was coming to dinner in her flat, by calling out of the window: "What's the crowd?" "I think it's a fire," he replied from the street. "It *is* a fire," he shouted, as he drew nearer. "It's in your kitchen!"

Now Ninette de Valois is off with the company for a twenty-week tour of the United States and Canada. In a speech at her ballet's twenty-first anniversary party she protested: "It is no one-man show." But everyone knew who had the responsibilities.

THE END

CAN WE DEFEND THE WEST?

Liddell Hart, world-renowned military expert and friend of many generals, toured Western Europe to find the answers to this question. . . . In this second JOHN BULL article he tells of his talks with military and political leaders, and gives his authoritative views on the defence problems of France, Belgium and Holland

A frank talk with the French army's chief

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

Gen. Blanc—"not glamorous, but a thoroughly sensible soldier, refreshingly frank in facing facts"

MY TOUR OF INVESTIGATION started in France—which, by tradition, geographical position and population, is the main factor in the defence of Western Europe. Can she still fulfil that rôle, and more effectively than in 1940? That is the basic question which her partners and neighbours are anxiously asking.

Her existing seven divisions, two of which are not yet operative, are a handful compared with the thirty active divisions which she maintained before the last war. In 1939 she trebled that total after mobilization, but could not do so today—when the threat comes from a hostile power which maintains a "peacetime" army four times as big as Hitler had on the eve of war in 1939. What are the prospects of France building up an army comparable to what she had in 1939? The answer depends on the provision of equipment from the U.S.A., but not only on that.

In the course of a very busy two weeks in France I discussed these problems with a number of the leading people there, both military and political. I revisited the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre, the French Staff College, at the invitation of the commandant, General Bertrand. I also met once more General de Lattre de Tassigny, the Commander-in-Chief of the Land Forces of Western Europe, and subsequently spent several days at Fontainebleau, where the forward headquarters of "Uniforce" is housed in the stables of the former royal palace.

No Mystical "Glory" Talk

This provided an opportunity of coming to know the principal members of the Western Union military staff, both French and others. It was encouraging to find the pick of them as fresh-minded and forward-thinking as their dynamic chief. But it would be more encouraging if they had more adequate forces to handle, and if their planning activity had been matched by a better sense of reality in political quarters.

The first man I saw in Paris was the new Chief of the French General Staff—General Blanc. He is not a glamorous personality, but a thoroughly sensible soldier, refreshingly frank in facing facts. He does not indulge in any mystical talk about "glory" or "victory," nor try to put any mythical gloss on the defeat of the French Army in 1940—as is a tendency, I found, in some military circles. He is pleasantly free, too, from the doctrinaire mentality and professional complacency that was shown by the prewar military chiefs, who were apt to take the attitude that they had nothing more to learn.

I found that some French soldiers were inclined to be "sniffy" about his appointment to the top post because his earlier experience had been largely in the "4e Bureau"—what the British Army calls the "Q" side of the staff—dealing with supply and transportation. The heads of the Army have usually graduated from the "3e Bureau" (Operations) and "2e Bureau" (Intelligence), which we call the "G" side, since they are classified as the "General Staff." Ambitious soldiers have thus tended to steer clear of the "Q" side. Yet Montgomery, Wavell and other outstanding commanders of the second World War were led by war experience to declare that "Q" was of primary importance in strategy.

General Blanc told me that he had chosen to go to the 4e Bureau of the Staff before the war because "supply and transport are the basis of strategic movement, which is the basic factor in modern war." That showed vision, and a notable disregard for the line favourable to personal ambition, which leads so many men astray.

A number of the points in our discussion of Western defence today cannot at present be mentioned, for obvious reasons. But some of his more general views can. He showed some anxiety about American and British proposals that the different countries of the North Atlantic Alliance should each specialize in developing particular types of force. While recognizing the economic and broad strategic advantages of such a scheme, he felt that there was a risk of carrying it so far as to leave a country too dependent on outside help that might not be fully available when required, owing to other calls. He considered it essential for France to have "balanced" forces of her own. While she could leave long-range strategic bombing to the Americans, who were best placed to produce and operate the type of machines required, she must have an effective tactical air force of fighters

Continued on page 20

THE SCARLET SWORD

by H. E. BATES

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Kaushalya, smoking impassively, turned the blanket. The dead face of Mrs. Maxted

The hideous night was over, but the dawn brought new horrors. And with Julie now on her own, Crane faced heavy new responsibilities

THE ATTACK ON THE MISSION had come in the night. It seemed to Crane that his head had hardly touched the pillow before he heard the screams of women and children from the central ward.

As a journalist, he had come to Kashmir to report the fighting. Hindus were reported to be butchering Moslems, and it was expected that Pathans—Moslems from the hills—would swoop down to retaliate. In their path lay the Mission, presided over by two British priests, Father Anstey and Father Simpson.

Europeans and villagers from all around had flocked to the Mission to take refuge. On the way there, Crane had met Kaushalya, an impassive, chain-smoking Indian "bad" girl. In the Mission he found Colonel Mathieson, a retired intelligence officer and his wife; Nurse McAlister, a Scottish girl who intended taking holy orders; and chattering, empty-headed Mrs. Maxted and her daughter Julie.

In his nervous, irritable state, Crane had antagonized Julie, but as siege preparations went on inside the Mission, and he, Mathieson and Father Simpson dug a trench outside, his mind dwelt increasingly on the girl.

When the Pathans attacked in the middle of the night, his first thought was for her. Rushing to the trench he found McAlister, the Indian women and children, and some nuns. Julie was searching for her mother in the vineyard farther down the slope. He made her stay under cover of the vines, and, returning himself to the Mission, encountered McAlister, half naked after fighting off a Pathan. The women in the trench had been led off by Pathans, and part of the Mission, he saw, was now on fire.

PART 3

The Officer Arrives

ABOUT two o'clock that morning, an Afridi tribal officer, Sikander Shah, a tall, high-cheekboned young man with brilliant intelligent eyes, from the Bara Valley, was lying on the road below the Mission.

He had become separated from the main invading forces but had managed, with discipline, to keep his men together. There were twenty-three of them and he was resting them in a boat-yard.

The main body of broken Kashmiri forces had retreated farther down the river. Two stray companies, reduced to rather less than the strength of one by Pathan flank attacks ten or twelve miles to the north-west as early as eight o'clock, had straggled out alone on a disorderly detour across rice-fields.

In patterns of black and straw-white rectangles, dry and dusty after the heat of summer, these rice-fields gave no cover under the moon. Both companies had lost an officer and there was some quarrelling from time to time as to who could rightly claim the only Sten gun, relic of the British, that had not fired for a week owing to careless reassembly and was now carried by a Mohammedan corporal as a point of senior pride. This corporal had put himself in charge and now showed a more ferocious keenness to fight for the Sten gun than for anything to do with Kashmir.

The company was very noisy as it came blundering along, out by the open rice-fields, into a country of big deodars and plane trees by the river. Their voices, split on walls of rock, were magnified as they came back over water to join the swishing echoes of their feet in the big fallen plane leaves.

These sounds were eventually heard by the Afridi officer, who sat wondering what to do about the Mission, now on fire.

In twenty minutes he had laid ambush, killing fourteen Kashmiris, taking five prisoners and relieving the corporal of the Sten gun. It took him another half an hour with his sergeant to strip the Sten gun and put it in working order, and it was almost three o'clock by the time he was going up the hill to the Mission with his sergeant, the Sten gun and ten men.

The young officer was proud of a long descent from kings and, after the fashion of Afridis, distrusted everybody, especially the British, who had usurped his country, but still more the Kashmiris, who to him were simply timid or lying fools.

His grandfather had been killed by the British in the Tirah Campaign of 1897, leaving his mother as a girl of five to be brought up in an English convent school on the borders of Peshawar. Repressed and unusually gentle, she had married very late, and he had grown up with tender memories of her and the convent school to which she had sent him later.

He had learned kindness and very good English there, and the result, in an adult officer, was a curious conflict. Traditional fiery hatreds, going back beyond the Campbell raids of 1850 into ordinary tribal furies, and fired always by the pride of royal blood, were continually at war in him with irreconcilable creeds like forgiveness of sin and love thy neighbour as thyself. Instinct and intelligence, the old India and the new, clashed in him as they had begun to do everywhere, in all Indian youth, making them joyful because the British devil was going out at last and fearful and bewildered because some other devil was coming in.

His mother had not only been very proud of his descent from kings, of his fine, Semitic, true Afridi nose, but also very proud of his fine, convent-taught, intelligent English, and the two things were symbols of all the things that were in conflict within him.

And now, as he went up the hill where Crane

looked up. To Crane's relief Julie did not cry out. He held her silently for a long time

and Father Simpson had followed the rickshaw in the morning, he was far from happy. He had killed several Kashmiris; he had captured a very good Sten gun; but the Mission was clearly on fire and he had been listening for a long time to rifle-fire whining all over the hill. And it was not right that the Mission should be on fire; his mother would have been horrified. He was very uneasy because of it himself, not simply because there were innocent and inoffensive people there who could be killed, but because he knew that tribal warfare and modern warfare had nothing to do with each other.

All his real training had come, oddly enough, from the British during the war with Japan, and from active service on the Manipur Road. Tribal distractions like looting monasteries, shooting priests and butchering women and children after stripping and raping them were not in his book. They had no place in scientific warfare, which was simply the process of destroying the enemy efficiently, unemotionally, and without pleasure. Diversions like loot and rape and murder could simply amount to sabotage. He recalled as an example of it the fact that the Mohammedan corporal and another Kashmiri had still been quarrelling about ownership of the Sten gun at the moment when his own revolver bullet had hit the corporal in the belly. That was the way actions were lost by emotional distractions and feuds.

He got to the gates of the Mission just after three o'clock. Firing was still wild in the compound behind the chapel and he could hear women screaming everywhere. In the moonlight a wounded Kashmiri came running out of the gates, holding his stomach with both hands —broken and jibbering under pressure, he thought, as they always were—and he promptly shot him at three yards' range.

The presence of stray enemies made him decide to leave six men at the gate. He went into the front compound through a patch of cabbages, by a smaller garden gate farther up the hill, with the sergeant, the Sten gun and the other three.

Across the compound, in the central body of the Mission building, there was such fantastic screaming that he did not know where to begin. This screaming, coming from a convent, recalled his mother so sharply that he felt a ghastly curdling of his blood. The cabbages had wetted his boots and his feet were cold. His prompt shooting of the jibbering and wounded Kashmiri and earlier of the quarrelling corporal had given him considerable satisfaction. With the British he had extended his English, embracing new terms of war, and the shooting of the Kashmiri had been, he thought, a bloody good show. But now suddenly he felt terribly and guiltily sick, his veins alternately hot and wet and cold, and there were no words in his new British vocabulary for how he felt.

He led the sergeant and his three men towards the Mission building, slowing himself down, trying to pull himself together. He was a little less than three-quarters of the way across the compound when the figure of a man, shirt-sleeved and white in the moonlight, ran from the back of the Mission, under the windows of the refectory.

Trembling, the young Afridi officer shot at it over promptly. From twenty-three yards' range he missed very badly but he felt much better.

He heard the bullet ricochet off the wall and saw the figure fall instinctively and smartly on his face. He began running up to it, ready to shoot again, when Crane, looking up and seeing the officer's uniform, shouted madly: "Put that damn' thing away and come and stop your bastards before they butcher everybody in the place!"

Sikander Shah stopped dead, not so much astonished as relieved. These were the sort of words he understood; they were the plain and simple words of a man who understood warfare, and with them his sickness, which had receded, now thickened hotly and came back. With terrible guilt he thought of his mother again as Crane shouted: "For Pete's sake get a move on, man! They've got everybody stuck up against a wall."

As Father Simpson went out of the hospital ward and along the corridor, not knowing what he was going to do but simply impelled forward by a purely physical and godless sort of rage, he remembered for some reason the cocoa that was being made by the two very young nuns in the kitchen behind the ward. It had the effect of calming him down. At the same moment he felt very thirsty. His mouth, cut on the inside from the fall with the Mahsud, was salty and wet with blood. For about forty seconds he stopped to staunch the bleeding with his handkerchief, jabbing at his mouth and gradually calming down.

These forty seconds saved him from being shot by the same Mahsud he had knocked down in the chapel. The man had found another rifle and gone staggering and roaming round darkened corridors looking for Father Simpson. At the very moment Father Simpson was dabbing his bleeding mouth he had reached the room occupied by Mrs. Mathieson, Julie and Mrs. Maxted. In the confusion Mrs. Maxted had lost touch with Julie and had now come to take another look in the room the three women had left together. She had lost Mrs. Mathieson, too, and she was standing there, flattened against the doorway, terrified and constricted, as the Mahsud came along.

The Mahsud shot her where she stood and then went on, through the main ward and out on to the front terrace, to look for Father Simpson.

When Father Simpson reached Mrs. Maxted she was sitting down at the foot of the door. The Mahsud's shot had gone through her left shoulder under the blade.

Mrs. Maxted was not only conscious but was talking about her asthma.

"All right, Mrs. Maxted. Don't talk. Don't talk now. . . ."

He bent down, put one arm under her legs and the other about her shoulders, picking her up, and she said with astonishing lightness: "I suddenly get the most awful attacks and then I simply can't breathe——"

He picked her up and carried her into the

Continued on page 24

I am that bogeyman—a dentist

by JAMES TERRY

My first job was pulling second-hand teeth from a phantom head. Then I stood in for a "blood and vulcanite" dentist. Now I've a country practice; I'm not a millionaire yet—but I get plenty of laughs

A FEW WEEKS AGO I fitted a man of eighty with the first set of dentures he had ever had. From the toughened state of his gums it was plain that he had not had a tooth in his head for possibly twenty years. I knew he would never eat with false teeth. Why did he need them at all?

"My grand-daughter's christening her new baby," the old chap explained. "I shan't ever wear 'em, only for the photo."

Although dental surgery is a serious, very necessary and highly scientific profession, it seems impossible to separate teeth and laughter. The average person is a little afraid of dentists. But as nobody ever dies of toothache, the universal nervousness is hidden behind an everlasting spate of wit. It is not so funny for the dentist.

In our small market town not thirty miles from London (for professional reasons I cannot name it), my engagement diary has been full two months ahead ever since July, 1948, when the Bevan scheme began. Life would be easier if I had fewer bookings, but " there is little hope of an early improvement," as the report of a Government working party recently said. Yet the rush was mild here compared with once-depressed areas where dentistry was for years a luxury that families existing on the dole could not afford. No young dentist with a living to earn in the old way could afford to start up among them. The Health Act let loose twenty years' work, with relatively few surgeries to handle it.

"Gold In Them Thar Teeth!"

A business friend twits me frequently about making easy money. "Gold in them thar teeth!" he says. In fact, bending over the chair extracting or filling teeth is physically hard work. And although dentists are not paid for the "bedside manner," reassuring jittery patients is a considerable nervous strain. On top of this, there is what amounts to one day's clerical work a week to do after surgery hours, and the job is strictly a "piece rate" one.

The rates are detailed in a twopenny pamphlet published by H.M. Stationery Office. Ignoring awkward small amounts that arise because of the cut of ten per cent made last May, these are typical figures: Clinical examination, 4s. 6d.; scaling 11s. 3d.; fillings, 14s. 6d. to £1; extractions of one or two teeth, 6s. 9d., of a dozen, £1 1s., of twenty or more, £1 3s. 9d.; "gas," 6s. 9d.; dentures, from £3 16s. 6d. for two or three teeth, up to £8 10s. for a full upper and lower set.

My present gross income from these fees is around £3,000 a year. Before the two cuts (twenty per cent in June, 1949, and ten per cent last May) it was over £4,000. At that time my overhead expenses amounted to slightly more than fifty per cent, or £2,000. Expenses have not dropped with the cuts, so that my net income of under £1,000 is now less than half of what it was.

An unscrupulous man can find ways of "working" the scale of fees to his own advantage. This is what a dentist M.P. meant when he spoke in the House of Commons about "dental spivs exploiting the public." A Cardiff dentist who fraudulently claimed £10,000 for six months' work was sentenced to two years in prison. Along with the ten thousand honest dentists in the Health Service there are a misguided few the profession could well do without.

What Price Professional Pride?

Instead of writing down existing fillings on a new patient's chart, a dishonest dentist might record them as cavities—and claim for new fillings. However, with so many patients waiting, even a decent man may fall into doing fast, shoddy work. Only time can tell when the amalgam has been shoved too hastily into a badly prepared cavity.

When a tooth has been extracted and a denture

Dentists do a lot of "beautification." Deformities are cured. "buck" teeth pushed back

fitted, it is too late to say whether a simple filling would not have done the trick—for £4 less. On the other hand, saving a patient's front tooth, for instance, may involve hours of difficult work, and lose the dentist a fatter fee which he could have had for less trouble. If the patient does not care one way or the other, what price professional pride?

Some dentists are said to have taken money from patients for work which should be free. Extra charges for local anaesthesia ("cocaine" injection) to relieve pain, for dentures alleged to be "better than the Health Service allows," or any such under-the-counter tricks are against the regulations. Patients who foolishly pay them encourage fraud.

My surgery is some distance from where I live, but people still find the house and knock me up to make emergency extractions. There is less and less excuse for not coming sooner now that treatment is free. But we are at liberty to accept or reject as many Health Service patients as we like, so that there is nothing against making a charge for pulling an aching tooth if a patient who comes at an inconvenient time has not been to me before.

Emergency work during surgery hours is easier to fit in now. Pulling a tooth normally takes only a few minutes (though I have wrestled with a tough one for half an hour). It can be done between appointments. But originally there was a large form to fill up, too long a job while others were waiting. Now the emergency form is a quarter the size.

First Worms, Then Human Arms

Many a young man considering dentistry as a career would like to know what his prospects are and what kind of training he needs to set up in practice. I invested the usual four years in learning dentistry, during which time it cost my parents probably £2,000 to support me. As a fledgling dentist I began with a pre-medical course. I cut up worms, frogs, dogfish and dead rabbits in the college laboratory, and then in the first year of the dental course graduated to human dissection—laying bare the nerves, veins, muscles and bones of an arm or a head.

Next, to have a dummy patient to learn on, I began collecting teeth from the extraction room to make a "phantom head," a wooden block with brass jaws. I made up most of my set of twenty-eight from teeth extracted because of pyorrhoea. These are always better specimens than teeth pulled because of decay. Working with the phantom head under my arm as in real dentistry, I could practise all types of drilling and filling. As it has no lips or cheeks to get in the way, most students soon learn to cheat discreetly by approaching a filling if necessary from the back. Later, pulling the teeth out of the bitumen we set them in gave us practice in extractions.

Before the Health Service, real patients used to submit to the efforts of students because the treatment was cheap. They knew they were in the hands of beginners often more nervous than themselves, but there was an unlimited supply. Strangely, despite the present free treatment, there still is.

The Tough Customer Protested

Our volunteer patients were safeguarded by the house surgeon or a demonstrator checking our work. Each cavity had to be clean of all decay and correctly shaped so as to retain the filling before it could win his signature. Only then could we obtain the filling material. One demonstrator was particularly exacting with a fellow student. A tough customer jumped from the chair one day shouting: "What the 'eck are you doing—drilling for oil?"

After they were "out" we students sometimes had to strap the arms of volunteer patients to the chair. One of mine was a hard drinker highly resistant to general anaesthesia. As I took hold of his tooth he knocked me over and rushed out

There's still plenty of paper work. But the emergency form is now a quarter the size

of the building. Strewn on the floor behind him he also left two other students who had come to hold his legs.

I ploughed through a mass of chemistry, physics, biology, anatomy, physiology and medicine. People do not often realize that a dentist has considerable medical knowledge. The enamel of teeth, for instance, is formed from the same tissue as skin; that is why measles sometimes causes badly pitted teeth.

At the end of four years' study came the final test: a three-hour paper; three further hours of practical work, including a gold filling; a clinical test diagnosing the treatment for four patients, and finally a face-to-face oral examination. I scraped through. Nobody is allowed to practise dentistry now without the letters L.D.S. R.C.S. after his name—Licentiate of Dental Surgery at the Royal College of Surgeons. The one exception, apart from foreigners with equal qualifications, is the experience-taught man who was already in practice thirty-five years ago.

I did not put up a brass plate and wait hopefully for patients like some of my fellow graduates. Instead I did "locum" work for established dentists who were ill or away on holiday. My first job was as stand-in at a "blood and vulcanite" practice in a populous working-class district in London. Shilling-a-time patients jostled up the stairs as fast as I could handle them. For a fortnight I made nearly fifty extractions a day.

Since then I have established myself as partner to an elderly practitioner whose work I shall eventually take over completely. We have our fun. An Irish farm labourer who had had a tooth out with cocaine walked into a neighbouring outfitters *through* the glass door. Under gas, one old soldier described excitedly how he went "over the top" in 1917. "When I wake up I shall be driving my car," another said. "You'll be under it, and I'll be stamping on the brake." He kicked a large area of paint off the wall.

In a mixed district like this, half urban and half rural, patients' whims sometimes lag well behind progress in dentistry. Partly because rubber was so precious in war, vulcanite and porcelain have given way to translucent plastic for dentures—a victory for mouth beauty. Every possible shade of tooth can be matched, and false teeth are extremely difficult to detect. Even so, there are still people who want the old-style "faded piano keys" dentures. "Otherwise nobody will know I've had them out!" they say.

Casualty dentistry has made tremendous advances, again a result of war. Deformities can frequently be completely cured. A woman patient had an ugly inferior protrusion (bulldog jaw). The specialist to whom I sent her cut through the jawbone on both sides below the ear, then reset it further back. Considerably better looking, she recently married. Dentists today spend a lot of time tidying patients' mouths. A beautiful young girl has her protruding teeth pulled back into correct position by mechanical pressure. A man has an ugly double-width supernumerary tooth like a small tombstone extracted from his upper jaw.

An advance in children's dentistry is due to the fact that women dentists have come into this field, for which they are naturally suited. Women have not the physical strength needed at times in adult practice. I know one who not infrequently begins an extraction hopefully but ends by sending the patient to a male dentist nearby. Despite the cod liver oil, orange juice, vitamins and the rest given to children, in this field we still have much to learn.

I examined a child of two a few weeks ago. Of her twenty teeth, only three were sound. A fierce chemical called fluorine has exciting possibilties for preventing cases like this in future. In a few places—like South Shields in Durham—tap water has enough fluorine in it to toughen the teeth of people who drink it. Children there suffer only half the toothache that afflicts fluorine-starved kids across the Tyne in North Shields.

Fluorine—New Wonder Drug?

At present, the Ministry of Education is conducting a big fluorine experiment. Three thousand school children are having their teeth regularly painted with fluoride water. The treatment is harmless, causing no pain or discomfort of any kind, and it does not affect the appearance of their teeth. The experiment will continue for several years, and the children's teeth will be examined annually. Perhaps fluorine will become the dentist's "wonder drug" in the same way as penicillin is the doctor's.

Penicillin is frequently used to clear up mouth infections. But with its new sister drugs it has a law to itself. Even in the form of chewing wax (for inflamed gums) it can only be prescribed by a doctor, not a dentist. Under the new Health Act the doctor becomes increasingly popular as a universal comforter, and is rapidly taking the place of the parish priest. The dentist's reputation in the public mind is improving, but to far too many people he is still half a subject for jests, half a bogeyman. THE END

Dairymaid Joyce puts the tang in Cheddar

by JOHN MAY

Take the right sort of West Country pastures. Add a little science, generations of experience, and the magic touch of a girl's hand. Mix with patience, and ripen. Result: the cheese that made Cheddar famous

The solidified curds feel alive and fleshy. Joyce stacks them on a rack to drain into the cooler

STAGGERING A BIT with the weight of a great smooth cheese clasped in his arms, a young West Country farmer was coming out of a crowded dairy show when a stranger stopped him. "Give you any price you like to ask," the man whispered. Harold Clothier shook his head. It was his own prize farmhouse Cheddar, made in the dairy at Waddon Farm, near Shepton Mallet, in the green heart of Somerset—and he is not allowed to sell it except through official channels.

For a country producing so much milk that it hardly knows what to do with it, Britain suffers today from a lamentable dependence on imported cheese. Good farmhouse cheese is found only in small quantities in the shops amid the avalanche of factory produce. But there are moves to make more. More cheese with the clean taste and mellow tang of Clothier's farmhouse Cheddar, which he and his family and his cheesemaker enjoy nightly for their supper, in creamy slabs thicker than the bread.

Early this year, our increasing floods of milk washed away the old regulation that farmers could make cheese only in summer, the time when milk is most plentiful. All those who made cheese in the last ten years were circularized, offered a new yearly contract, and invited to have a go. Incautiously, a few headlines whooped "Farmhouse Cheese Returns."

It was not as simple as that. Of 162,000 dairy farmers in England and Wales, slightly fewer than one in a thousand were ready to make cheese. Ten times as many had done so prewar, before the restrictions came on. With them off again, if farmhouse cheesemaking still pays—which it does—why the drop in numbers?

Wanted: More Cheesemakers

The hurricane lamp which Joyce Pickford takes into the white, echoing coolness of Waddon Farm's dairy of an evening, when she attends to the afternoon's milk in the great oblong vat, throws some light on the problem. Joyce is Harold Clothier's cheesemaker. Cheesemakers are hard to find and difficult to hold. At 5.30 the next morning, Joyce starts on the process that can last late into the afternoon, and will continue relentlessly seven days a week as long as she cares to carry on. Dozens of farmers' daughters train for this hard work. They have cheesemaking in their blood. But more are wanted.

Joyce has cousins, aunts, and a sister all making cheese. She took a twelve-month course at the Somerset Farm Institute at Cannington. In four seasons at Waddon Farm she has won a couple of dozen blue, red, yellow, green and white prize cards. But exhibiting at dairy shows is incidental; the aim is to produce a good first-grade commercial farmhouse Cheddar. At the height of the season, when Clothier's cowmen pour 300 gallons a day into the vat, there is little time for the fancy business that wins prizes.

The sea of milk they tip from the churns makes three large cheeses daily. Handling them gives Joyce the strength of a weightlifter. Getting the job done in time calls for the ingenuity of a factory efficiency expert in fitting in the odd jobs—washing and drying cloths, scalding utensils.

More Like A Laboratory

The vat stands in the centre of the dairy with room to walk all round it. Although the milk in it is stirred during the evening, there is a thick layer of cream when Joyce starts next morning. She skims it off into a white enamel bucket. And then, for the first time that day but not the last, she tries the milk's acidity. She makes this test standing at the dairy window overlooking the farmyard. The apparatus looks more suited to a streamlined laboratory than to a farmhouse.

The old-fashioned way was to tell by experience and smell and feel. The modern dairymaid uses a pipette, takes ten cubic centimetres of milk (or at a later stage, whey) and runs it into a tiny white bowl. Then she adds three drops from a

At the season's height, 300 gallons of fresh warm milk splash into the great oblong vat

In an oversize mincer the drained curds are ground into finger-size shreds, then salted

On the fourth day, Joyce does her last job—sewing a bandage round the cheese

bottle labelled "Phenol-Phthalein" (a colourless indicator chemical which turns a fine red when it dissolves in a dilute solution of caustic alkali).

Stirring with the tip of the pipette, she drips in caustic soda from the acidometer—a glistening calibrated glass tube clamped upright on a stand. The mixture in the bowl turns pale pink like a wild rose. How much soda from the acidometer is needed to neutralize the acid of the milk, and so makes the phenol-phthalein blush? This is the index of the acidity. A certain amount of acidity in the milk is vital, or it would be impossible to make cheese at all. But it must be controlled. Acidity increases with heat and time. Too much makes a crumbly second- or third-grade Cheddar worth less money.

By now the cowmen are tipping churns of fresh warm morning milk through the straining cloth into the vat. Steam from the dairy boiler passing through the vat's steamjacket has heated up the previous day's milk again so that they mix. To make cheese you simply curdle the milk, run off the whey, and compress the curds into cheese. The Cheddar makers of Somerset were the first to standardize the process on precise scientific lines. But even so, the ritual is complicated.

The "Starter" Milk Goes In

The beginning of the real cheese process is when Joyce adds the creamy-looking "starter," a quart to every hundred gallons. (The cream in the enamel bucket goes back into the vat at the same time.) "Starter" is milk specially heated, cooled and inoculated so that it has a very high acidity. After more heating by means of the steamjacket, in goes the rennet, measured and diluted, to curdle the milk. And in goes the cheesemaker to breakfast.

The rennet turns the milk in the vat into a solid junket which now has to be broken up small with a multi-bladed curd knife. The curds and the whey separate. While Joyce stirs it all with a wooden rake, the swirling curds "cook" in the whey. When a squeezed handful retains her finger-marks, it is time to let it settle and run off the whey.

Gurgling out of the huge brass tap, this watery by-product flows into a drain—not to waste, but into a storage well. There is a lot of nutriment in whey. Farmer Clothier has a hundred pigs who squeal lustily for it. They guzzle it up mixed with barley meal, unwittingly eager to hasten on their way towards the shops where as bacon they will sell, like as not, over the same counter as the cheese.

Packed at one end of the vat like a mudbank left high by the receding tide, the solidified curd looks like white rubber but feels curiously alive and fleshy. Joyce cuts it into strips, and stacks these between cheese cloths on a draining rack in the cooler—a big metal sink against the wall. She hefts a fifty-six pound weight on to the stack of curd to squeeze out excess moisture.

After lunch, with an engine-driven mill like an oversize mincing machine, she grinds the curd into a pile of finger-size shreds. When she has salted it, it is at last ready to be compressed into cheese. Joyce scoops it into cloth-lined cylindrical moulds, punching each few scoopfuls down hard. "It makes a squeaky noise." The containers (there are usually three) are eighteen inches high, and about fifteen across—the shape of the final cheese. They go into the presses ranged round the dairy wall.

Every morning before breakfast Joyce has three days' cheeses to bump out of their containers on to the stainless steel top of the turning stool. Nine cheeses to dress in clean dry cloth, turn up the other way in their moulds, and put back again into the presses. On its third morning every cheese is rubbed over with lard to seal it against cracking. Previously the cheese intended for showing has had a hot water treatment to give it a silky complexion. The pressure by this time has been increased from a ton to thirty hundredweight. Cheese is good *solid* food!

Joyce's final job on the fourth morning, when the cheese comes out of the press for ever, is to sew a tight bandage round it to keep it corsetted until it grows firm and ripe. Up in the ripening room above the dairy at Waddon Farm, cheeses are ranged on shelves like books in a library. The quiet, the array of solemn, rounded baldness, and the reverence induced in a layman at the sight of so much rich food, give one a feeling that one is visiting a monastery.

Heavy Work In Hot Weather

But the cheeses on the shelves have to be turned daily for a week, and then every two or three days until they are a month old. It is bad to batter the edges. Harold Clothier rolls one over his arm or his knee with the neatness of a wrestler. But he admits it is heavy work in hot weather. About once a month the grader comes. He twists his bore in and takes out a round finger of cheese. He examines it for fat, texture and the correct "buttery" feel, and shoves it back in.

For first grade Cheddar the Ministry pays £5 10s. a hundredweight, dropping five shillings a time for second and third grades. (Prices of the other "approved" cheeses—Cheshire, Lancashire and Wensleydale—are slightly lower.) But on top of this the Milk Marketing Board pays the farmer the normal wholesale price of the milk he uses for making his cheese, less the "utilisation value." The farmer is about fourpence a gallon better off by making cheese than if he sold his milk wholesale in the ordinary way. But out of his fourpence a gallon he has to pay his cheesemaker's wages and other overheads.

For the housewife, the fact that cheesemaking is subsidised like this simply means that she pays less than half the price that farmhouse cheese would probably cost her in a free market. What the farmer gets in total is between two shillings and half-a-crown a pound. This is his price as manufacturer; the wholesale and retail profits on top of it would bring the price in the shops to well over three shillings.

Joyce might be making cheese on her father's farm if the land there were not so heavy. Not all pastures provide milk suitable for cheesemaking. On some farms where the grass is right, presses and vats have gone to ruin since cheese was last made.

Romantic Occupational Risk

But the most effective brake on farmhouse cheesemaking is the shortage of trained dairymaids. When they are trained there is a romantic "occupational risk." "There's a thriving marriage market in cheesemakers down here," one Somerset farm manager told me.

Harold Clothier thinks there would be more cheesemakers now if farmers had paid them better before the war. When he first engaged one he doubled the wages she had had at her previous job. Ten years ago, a cheesemaker was lucky to get twenty-five shillings a week and her keep. Now she may earn anything up to £8. Some farms pay a bonus.

The National Cheese Council is pushing cheesemaking as a career. Dairying institutes are urging more students to take it up. And farmers on the wet, warm cheesemaking side of Britain (it runs due north from Dorset to Cumberland, and on into Scotland) would gladly employ them when qualified. If there were more cheesemakers about, the job would be more attractive; some could work as reliefs to give others occasional time off.

Nearly a third of the farmhouse cheese made today is Cheddar. Next comes Cheshire, loose and granular and silky in texture. Level with Cheshire are Scotland's Cheddar and Dunlop. Lancashire, an early ripening cheese that spreads like butter and is beloved for toasting, lags behind.

Farmers made nearly 3,500,000 pounds of cheese last year—not much among fifty million people. The housewife might with success demand more, if only she knew what cheese at the grocery was farmhouse made and what was not. Taste is the test. But if you live in, say, Weston-super-Mare, here is a tip.

Look for a Cheddar with a certain three figures in indelible pencil on its cloth. If you see one, you can be sure it was made by Joyce Pickford. Joyce has to mark Waddon Farm's registered number on every cheese she makes before Harold Clothier hoists it up on the cheese lift into his ripening room above the dairy. The number she writes is 588.

THE END

Philip yanked the man up and hit him. The sailors cheered wildly

Skeleton Crew

by BARRY PEROWNE

ILLUSTRATED BY GOSS

Lois's holiday plans went sadly astray the day she met the sailors in the red bus. So, too, did the sailors

IT WAS ONE O'CLOCK of a summer day when the Paris-Grenoble-Marseilles motor-coach pulled into a drowsy old town in the foothills of the French Alps. "We halt here until two, for refreshment, messieurs, mesdames," the driver announced. Lois Forrest, a codist in the diplomatic service, hurried her lunch in order to take a walk round the town. Amber-haired, very brown and trim, she wore sports shoes, a gabardine skirt, a crisp white blouse, and sunglasses.

On her leisurely way back to the coach, she glanced at her wristwatch, saw that it still was only ten minutes to two, and went into a hot little tobacco shop to buy picture post-cards. She addressed the cards at the counter, and was screwing the cap back on her pen when the sound of a heavy vehicle changing gear, speeding up, sent an awful suspicion through her. She was right. Her watch still said ten minutes to two.

Lois snatched up her bag in panic and ran out into the hot, dusty square —just in time to see the Paris-Grenoble-Marseilles motor-coach vanish in a derisive flicker of treeshade. Her sunglasses gazed blankly after it for a moment, glanced up as blankly at the forest slopes and mountain meadows tranquilly girdling the town. Then she ran on to the corner of the side street where the coach had been parked. The surprised stare of a waitress, under the awning of the restaurant on the corner, confirmed the catastrophe. "Mademoiselle! Where were you? They were calling."

Lois pointed ruefully to her watch. "Stopped," she said.

The waitress shrugged. "These drivers have a schedule, figure yourself. Now, there is nothing to Marseilles till tomorrow."

Lois was going to Marseilles to join Philip Graven. He had been for some time at Marseilles on a diplomatic mission, now completed, and their holiday plan was that he should meet her there and they would go on together to Pau to spend a couple of weeks with French friends at a villa in the mountains.

"Nothing to Marseilles till *tomorrow*?" said Lois, dismayed.

The tables under the restaurant awning were crowded with lunchers, evidently passengers from a big red coach marked PRIVATE which stood now in the side street. They were all men, and one of them gave Lois a broad grin. "What's up, miss?" he said, with a marked Cockney accent. "Missed your bus? Maybe we can help you. We go through Marseilles ourselves. Have a chair."

He was a short, broad-shouldered man with a stubbled, bullet head, a mahogany face and small, blue, lively eyes. "Ted Smith, I am," he said, as Lois sat down gratefully. "This raw-boned long streak of pessimism is Jock MacAndrews. The bald fellow there is Curly Porter. Give the young lady a noggin of wine, Curly, while I fetch Don Hymie." He rose, calling, "Don Hymie! Oy, there, guv'nor!"

Ted Smith wore new brown shoes, new grey flannels, a new tweed hacking jacket. And now that Lois, removing her sunglasses, came to look round, she saw that all these lunchers were dressed in the same way, with the same brand-new look, as though all of them had just been fitted out off the same peg. They weren't ordinary tourists, this crowd of middle aged, weatherbeaten men with big, hard hands; and Lois, whose cypher-trained mind reacted spontaneously to anything in the nature of a puzzle, was intrigued.

But Ted Smith was returning, bringing two other men. One, thick-set, swarthy, with wiry, grey-shot hair bunched up in waves on top of his head, wore a long white dust-coat and a green eyeshade, and evidently was the driver of the red coach. The other, a lean man in a white linen suit, was dark, taut, with a narrow moustache, and hair as sleekly black as enamel.

"This young lady, Don Hymie," said Ted Smith, to the lean man. "She's missed her bus. How about giving her a lift?"

"Too bad," said Don Jaime, and he bowed to Lois, giving her a thin smile that showed a glint of gold in his teeth. "Unfortunately, our coach is so crowded that I'm afraid——"

"Go on," said Ted Smith. "There's plenty of room, Don Hymie!"

"Och, gie the lass a lift," said Jock MacAndrews. A rumble of approval came from the others. Don Jaime's jet glance flickered round over them. He hesitated, shrugged slightly, looked at Lois. "A pleasure," he said, with a perjured smile.

THE red motor-coach was on its way. Don Jaime sat up in front with the driver, Lois halfway back. Ted Smith was beside her. The bullet-headed Cockney chattered cheerfully, while Lois, glancing round at the others, tried to figure out what these men were. She didn't have to wonder long. After glancing cautiously up the coach at Don Jaime, Ted drew from his pocket a black ribbon. "That's us," said Ted. It was the ribbon of a Royal Navy rating's cap; but instead of "H.M.S.," it bore in gold letters the legend "Republica de Guanacas."

"Ever hear of the destroyer *Stingray*, miss?" said Ted. "Well, I'll tell you—seeing you're interested. She's an old one that the British have traded to Guanacas, in South America, so it can start a navy of its

Continued on page 28

Saveen practises for an hour every day, and here he is rehearsing with Daisy May. Her charm is her complete innocence ; there is nothing smutty in the act

Speaking up for Daisy May

by KEITH ELLIS

Between them, Saveen and the winsome, bright-eyed girl with pigtails have brought something new to ventriloquism

SOON AFTER THE OUTBREAK OF WAR, at the time of the I.R.A. bomb outrages, two policemen stopped a tall young man with a suitcase who was walking through the blackout down Tooting High Street, London. It was a little after midnight. Courteously, one of them asked him if he would mind opening his bag. He refused.

"Look here, sir," said the policeman, "we don't want any trouble. If you'd step into the doorway over there, we could open it without anyone seeing." The young man sighed and went over to the doorway, put down his case and waited for the policeman to open it. Gingerly he flicked back the catch. A weirdly painted head popped up and a cracked Cockney voice roared: *"Git aht 'of it!"*

The young man was Saveen, né Albert Langford, returning from a local charity concert. Now, at thirty-six, this tall, slim variety artist, who looks something like a cavalry officer and has the tongue of a commercial traveller, is making his name as a new type of ventriloquist. He is the only practising professional whose main feature is a female dummy. Daisy May, "the captivating starlet," is billed before Saveen and in bigger type. Ventriloquism is not mentioned.

Since joining the act nearly three years ago at the Westminster Theatre, Daisy May has appeared in variety, cabaret and at private parties all over the country. She has starred in two *Music Hall* broadcasts, taken the lead in a television play, and had her own radio series, *Midday with Daisy May*. On the stage she is a winsome, bright-eyed little girl with rosy cheeks and pigtails. She wears a red bonnet and shoes, white blouse, full lemon skirt and black stockings. Her charm consists in her complete innocence. There is nothing smutty in the act and no forced gags. Humour is derived almost exclusively from the human situations in which she finds herself.

For publicity purposes, Saveen has developed her personality off-stage into an elaborate fantasy. She is an honorary member of the Concert Artists' Association, and she and Saveen can often be seen hobnobbing with fellow members at the bar. When she recently had a cold, sympathizers sent her cough mixture and cinnamon tablets. Some time ago, she and Saveen were chatting with guests after a private party at the Dorchester. Eventually the host came over and asked to whom he should make out the cheque. "To me," said Daisy May. "Mr. Saveen only works for me." Laughing, the host wrote the cheque. Unthinking, Saveen stuffed it in his pocket.

Next morning, he was surprised to find it really had been made out to Daisy May. There was only one solution: she must have her own banking account. Enlisting a friend for support, he took her down to the bank; after a conversation with an embarrassed manager, she made her request. "But what would you pay into it?" asked the manager.

"This," said Saveen, producing the cheque. An account was opened, a specimen signature recorded in a special hand of Saveen's, and Daisy May presented with a cheque book. Since then, all the business of the act has been transacted through this account. In addition, she has her name in the London Telephone Directory and frequently answers the phone. Theatre managers, misled by the billing, have on several occasions reserved a separate dressing-room for her. She has had presents of miniature sweets, flowers and furniture from admirers.

Saveen has several other dummies in his act. There is Andy Lang, a wide boy; the Colonel, a doting old man in Service dress and red tabs; and finally, a dog which not only barks but talks most unexpectedly in fruity human tones. Introducing them on to the stage has always been

Saveen with the Colonel, Andy Lang, the Dog and Daisy May. He has ten voices, uses seven of them

one of Saveen's trickiest problems. Until recently, he used the traditional means of a suitcase which he placed on the counter of an unattended cloakroom. During a visit to America at the beginning of the year, agents told him that this spoilt an otherwise original act.

One night, invited to a party given by Markova in a New York hotel, he noticed a number of dress-boxes lying about the room. At the time, they failed to impress him. But at three thirty the next morning he awoke from a dream in which he used a dress-box in his act. This was the solution to his problem. He went round to Markova, begged one of the boxes, painted it silver and tied a broad red ribbon round it. "Magnificent," said the agents when he showed them. He has used a specially made aluminium replica ever since.

Dummies Made For A Few Pence

Improvisation, of one kind or another, has always been a strong point of Saveen's. His dummies have cost him a matter of pennies. Although two of them were originally bought from professional makers, they have been modified out of all recognition. Wood and papier-mâché form the framework. The controls, consisting of springs, counter-springs, weights, pulleys and wires, are a trade secret. American artists have experimented with electric remote controls, but Saveen believes that these eliminate the human element which alone ensures a sensitive performance.

Daisy May's clothes were formerly designed by a West End dressmaker. Now, Saveen prefers his mother to make them. "Daisy May is so much a part of her life that she knows far better how to interpret the character in terms of clothes." The uniform of the Colonel is made from his old battledress, the Dog is clothed in sheepskin. But however brightly a dummy is dressed, only a voice can bring it to life. Saveen has ten of these, using seven in his act and keeping the rest in reserve. New voices come to him at odd moments, especially when he is driving his car. If he likes one, he must practise it regularly or it will be lost. Once he has decided to use a voice, he makes a dummy to suit it. Daisy May's face was altered many times after her voice had been perfected. "And all the voices must be so distinct that no character can be confused with another," he says.

Saveen practises an hour a day. Before he goes on stage for a performance, he and Daisy May talk to the stagehands to get atmosphere. Often before going to bed he holds an extemporary conversation with his dummy; he finds this the best preparation for the unrehearsed performances he sometimes gives in public. On one occasion he was travelling home on the Underground shortly after a buzz-bomb all-clear. Everyone was elated and, in the spirit of the moment, Saveen did a few conjuring tricks. "Why not get out your dummy?" asked a companion. He did so, just as the train drew into Charing Cross. Jumping on a seat, he pushed the dummy's head and shoulders through a window and chirped to a passing porter: "Does this train go to Morden?"

"No, sir," said the porter. "Change at Kennington."

Saveen is entirely self-taught. At the age of seven, his father took him to see Arthur Prince as a birthday treat. Although he does not remember it himself, relations say they found him soon afterwards ventriloquizing to friends, using dolls as dummies. Apprenticed to a printer at the time of the great slump, he determined to develop his ventriloquism as a second string in case of unemployment. He infuriated his father by drawing £4 2s. 6d. of his total savings of £4 5s. to buy a dummy.

His first engagement was at a neighbouring Boys' Brigade concert. He borrowed a dinner jacket, packed his dummy and set off for the church hall, having planned a ten-minute act. Once on the stage, he placed a lighted cigarette in the dummy's mouth and held another in his hand. He thought it would give him a professional appearance. No sooner had he started his performance than the vicar, who was sitting with the audience, rose from his seat and climbed on to the stage. "My boy," he said, "take that cigarette out of the dummy's mouth and get rid of your own. Don't you know this is a church hall?" The young ventriloquist was so upset that he had to leave the stage after only a minute's confused dialogue.

In the Army he was not known as a ventriloquist until he volunteered to give a turn in a troops' concert. After that, he was notorious. "Blokes kept doing things on parade and I was getting the blame," he says.

On his way home on short leave, he was badly injured by a 500-pound bomb. Although an operation set him on the road to physical recovery, the thought that he would never again be a ventriloquist depressed him mentally. A psychologist came to see him. "If we bring your dummies from camp, will you do a show to entertain the boys in the ward?" he asked.

Laugh That Speeded His Cure

Saveen wasn't sure. The psychologist insisted. Finally he was taken in a car to collect them himself. Even seeing them helped—"a dummy is like a human being to a ventriloquist"—but when he gave a show sitting up in bed, "the first laugh did more for me than all the treatment in the world." A newspaper headlined the story: "Dummy saves ventriloquist's life."

After a long convalescence, Saveen took various jobs that enabled him to devote a fair amount of time to ventriloquism, for by now he had decided this would be his career. He appeared in an E.N.S.A. concert compèred by Carl Carlisle, who was so impressed by his performance that he recommended him to a well-known agent. "Where can I see you working?" asked the agent. Saveen's only pending engagement was at a local charity show and this he hesitated to mention. However, he did so and the agent promised to come.

"I think I'll use a cigar tonight," he told his mother, for he was nervous and a cigar covers moving lips. But his mother advised against it. "You've never used one before," she said.

He appeared without. Since the agent had said he would not wait after the show, he prepared to go home immediately his act ended. Just as he was about to leave, a friend rushed in and said: "There's someone downstairs to see you." It was the agent. "You pleased me immensely," he said, over a drink. "Thank goodness you didn't use a cigar like all the others."

Since then, Saveen has had regular first-class dates, reaching fourth billing on top-line variety programmes. Yet he is always ready to learn, for he believes that the art of the ventriloquist is much more difficult than that of the actor. The "vent" has to keep several characters going at once, while the actor has only one part to play. So rapidly do Saveen's voices follow each other that a woman recently accused him of using a gramophone record.

Keeping His Face Under Control

Again, the actor responds to someone else's lines and adjusts his facial expression accordingly. The ventriloquist has to change his expression in response to his own words some time after they are uttered. While wearing a sad expression, he may have to put a comic remark into the mouth of his dummy. Only after the dummy has uttered the words can he allow himself to smile. Lip control is vital, too. The ventriloquist must be able to enunciate every word clearly with his lips closed. B's, f's, w's and v's are the hardest letters to pronounce, and phrases like "bread and butter" are usually avoided. However, Saveen makes a point of regularly incorporating into his act another bugbear: "Indubitably."

Does he ever drink a glass of beer while throwing his voice? "No," he says. "That trick was made famous by Arthur Prince, whom I very much admired. Though I could probably do it with a little practice, I preferred that it should die with him."

THE END

Pick and shovel idealists

by W. E. PURCELL

They work for nothing in their own time for other people —building a village in Italy or a playground in Leeds. Their reward: to win a stake in international friendship

THE CUSTOMER in the Wilson's Arms looked out of the bar-room window and over the road to where Sunit Kher, an Indian law student from Bombay, wheeled a barrow which had been loaded for him by a blonde girl from East Prussia. Higher up the uninviting mound—having its big face lifted so that it will soon become a playground on the Seacroft Housing Estate, outside Leeds—a woman whose year-round job is the making of fine jewellery in Baden, Switzerland, clumsily swung a pick. Nearby a British engineering student levelled off with a shovel and an ex-R.A.F. radar operator kept a foreman's eye on work in progress.

"They're all right," the customer in the Wilson's Arms said. "They stick to it and they do a full day."

The workers he watched from the public-house labour from eight in the morning until four thirty in the afternoon. They get no pay except for their keep, plus eight shillings a week pocket money. Their "firm" is the International Voluntary Service for Peace, British branch of an organization which last summer mustered 40,000 men and women of twenty nationalities to work for nothing in their own time for other people.

The Town Backs Them Up

These volunteers are not cranks. The Leeds Corporation Parks Department knows and approves of Sunit Kher and the girl from Königsberg digging holes in its territory. A hard-headed corporation has voted £500 to aid the scheme, a modest one in comparison with similar overseas ventures which extend as far as India. For instance, this year I.V.S.P. volunteers have been working among a multitude of refugees in Faridabad Camp in the Punjab. *Among* is the operative word; there is no chair-borne philanthropy about this business.

According to the official account, I.V.S.P. was "founded by a Swiss civil engineer." Those who knew him do not forget Pierre Ceresole; tall, tough, with a no-nonsense jaw and the eyes of an idealist. He died in 1945. His was the dream of thousands of ordinary people getting to know and understand each other by doing a job together in their spare time. And it was not merely a dream.

Ceresole took his volunteer workers as far as India in 1934 after an earthquake in North Bihar had devastated an area the size of Holland. They were the builders of what is still Shantipur, which, significantly, means "Home of Peace." Six years before, when the Rhine burst its banks, seven hundred men and women went to the aid of the flooded Principality of Liechtenstein. The miners of Brynmawr knew Ceresole. So did the iron workers of Oakengates, in Shropshire. It is his spirit at work in Seacroft now.

The group working today on the Estate came there for various reasons. Sunit Kher says he heard of the International Voluntary Service for Peace from his law student brother. When he came to Britain he was sent to Leeds. The scheme appeals to him as a practical way of showing goodwill.

Marlies Bischoff, aged twenty-one, the girl who was loading his barrow, came to this country as a children's nurse. She came by way of East Prussia, five years ago, with the Russians following in the destruction of battle. Slightly built, Marlies is not going to make a big dint in the Seacroft Estate, but the spot she works on now will soon be a tennis court.

She Followed In The Wake Of War

These two are newcomers. An older hand is Pegeen Morris, an English girl who has been on nine jobs since 1946. She was a demolition worker in West Ham, helped to build a youth hostel in a war-battered part of France, lent a hand in the refugee camps in Germany and was a member of a relief team in Berlin. In Castel Forte, near Cassino, Italy, she helped to rebuild a destroyed village.

Sometimes, I.V.S.P. steps in where no one else seems to care. In the little German town of Prum there was a vast ammunition dump. Not long ago it blew up, making a crater 150 yards by 50 and levelling most of the surrounding houses. German Voluntary Service workers from Bonn rushed to the spot. Unpaid, and in their own time, they began clearing up and rebuilding.

The determination of the service to live as and among the people it works for is not always so easy to carry out. An English woman volunteer in the Indian camp of 20,000 fugitives from the North-West Frontier reported finding it difficult, at 110 degrees in the shade, in dust, noise, strangeness and poverty, to eat squatting on a cow-dung floor. Yet she stuck to her job.

Weekend Work Qualifies

But how far is it a fancy affair of necessity limited to those like Sunit Kher, having the means and the leisure to go off and work for nothing? True, I.V.S.P. has a London headquarters in Kensington, and important names like Gilbert Murray and Laurence Housman on its notepaper. But it has also twenty-seven local representatives and local weekend schemes with plenty of room for volunteers. In fact, it is this kind of weekend spare-time service—cementing a playground at a babies' home near London, decorating an old people's home at Headingly, Yorks—which qualifies for membership.

The I.V.S.P. way is, perhaps, the only one yet existing of doing something personally to heal the tragic breaches of our times. That is why no race, creed or political outlook is barred. The work chosen is unskilled. It does not compete with paid labour. And although there is no pay packet, it brings a rich wage of achievement and companionship. THE END

A young Swiss on the Leeds site. "They're not cranks—they stick to it and do a full day"

How the Normans were defeated in 1066

NEITHER helmets, shields, nor even coats of chain mail could safeguard the teeth of William the Conqueror's soldiers. And they hadn't got Macleans Peroxide Solid Dentifrice to save their teeth from discoloration and protect them like *you* have. In those days before dentists, nobody knew the importance of this excellent dentifrice in cleaning teeth night and morning. *But we're luckier . . .!*

Arm yourself to the teeth with...

The **BIG**, *long lasting favourite in the New Tin . . .* **9d**

NEW STAR MAKES BIG HIT!

MARS presents

Banjo

Crisp! Thrilling! Delicious!

4D and only ONE POINT

Two double-thick, crispy, nut-flavoured wafer bars smothered in luscious milky chocolate.

NOW SHOWING IN ALL SWEETSHOPS

A FRANK TALK WITH THE FRENCH ARMY'S CHIEF

Continued from page 9

for interception, and light bombers, for co-operation with the Army.

The experience of 1940 has made the French acutely sensitive to the need of being able to provide their troops with adequate air cover from their own resources. Although such a policy may not be as economic as a division of rôles, it is better justified on psychological grounds.

At the same time General Blanc showed a clear grasp of the need for specialization in another sense. He dwelt on the importance of developing the kind of forces best suited to meet the *primary* need — *defence* against an invasion of the West. It calls for forces specially organized and trained in the most modern defensive methods.

First Things Put First

The usual type of army is organized primarily on offensive lines, spends most of its money on equipment for that purpose, and devotes most of its time to attack practices. Peaceful countries have never been able to build such an army in peacetime as well as an aggressive country can. Moreover, this type of army, on the scale they can afford, is less of a match for an invader of superior weight than an army specially designed to fit the initial problem of preventing the aggressor gaining a quick victory. The present French military chiefs believe in putting "first things first."

Talking of the way that the French Army of 1939 had neglected the primary problem in favour of the secondary one, General Blanc remarked that when he was a student at the Ecole Supérieure de Guerre before the war, thirteen out of fifteen exercises were devoted to offensive problems. He seemed to feel that, even now, many American and British generals fail to understand the need of giving priority to defence, or what that implies in the way of developing appropriate methods.

They are still inclined to think in terms of the later stages of the last war, when they had great strength on the ground and still greater in the air. That enabled them to be the attackers and to operate on narrow fronts. "They don't understand what it means to cover 1,000 kilometres of front"—the distance between the Alps and the North Sea. Even at the best the number of Allied divisions would be few in proportion to the space, and to the enemy's number, so we must study how to cover the space as effectively and economically as possible. It would be folly to lay out our forces on the luxury standards of 1944. (The experience of Korea has since underlined this point.)

New-type Divisions Needed

The problem, as General Blanc emphasized, is to check the advance of a mass of Russian tanks backed by a massive air force. It requires a plentiful provision of anti-tank and anti-aircraft weapons. If we seek to have all-purpose weapons more powerful than the enemy's, they are bound to be so costly that there will not be nearly enough of them to cover the space. There is also, he said, need for new-type divisions of high mobility, capable of operating on wide fronts. They should be mobile across country, and not merely on the road. It would be best if all the vehicles were tracked instead of wheeled, and, although the higher cost is an obstacle, the proportion of such tracked vehicles should be as large as possible.

It has to be repeated that the French have today only five effective divisions—and those are equipped with out-of-date material—compared with thirty before the war. The smallness of the number is due not only to shortage of equipment but to the shortness of the period of conscript service, a mere twelve months, and the way that the mass of the Regulars has been drained away by the troubles in Indo-China.

How To Attract Regulars

On the manpower problem, General Blanc said that it should be possible to produce nearly as many active divisions as before the war by an increase in the number of Regulars at home combined with an extension of the term of conscript service to the same length as in Britain. The increase of Regular strength might be obtained by voluntary enlistment for a three-year period. While the pay of the French Regular is still less than that of the British soldier, the French conscript gets practically nothing, so that there is an inducement for young men to embark on a short Regular engagement. (By paying the Regular and the conscript on the same scale, the British Government has hindered its own efforts to recruit Regulars, while at the same time adding to the taxpayers' burden.)

General Blanc thought it desirable that about half the personnel in the active divisions should be Regulars. In the more technical fighting units, such as tanks and artillery, they should predominate, and even in the infantry be at least fifty-fifty, whereas in the supply and other administrative services there was less need for military experience.

On all basic points, General Blanc's views of the kind of forces and tactics required in the defence of the West coincided with those of General de Lattre. That is a good sign, since a divergence of views between the Chief of the French General Staff and the Commander-in-Chief of the Western Union Land Forces, of which French troops are the main component, would be a dangerous complication.

The present harmony on the topmost level is remarkable. No army has suffered more than the French in the past from personal and doctrinal discord among its heads, while the unhappy experiences of the last war and the strain of divided loyalties to rival leaders of France naturally fostered feuds.

Forceful But Not Pompous

I have often heard General de Lattre described as "theatrical" or as an "opera star," but have never found substance for such criticism in anything I have seen of him. It is not often that a forceful and inspiring personality, which he certainly is, remains as free from pomposity or as unpretentious in behaviour. He shows much less flamboyance or assertiveness than Marshal Foch, whose office at the Invalides he now occupies, or than many lesser men. The very way that his staff speak about him in private is stronger testimony to his character, and their enthusiasm is the more significant because it is evident that he is a very exacting taskmaster. It is an equally good sign that his chosen assistants are men of lively intelligence and new ideas.

I had an excellent impression, too, of General Guillaume, the Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in Germany, with whom I spent a

Gen. de Lattre (left) arrives at Fontainebleau with Gen. Guillaume. Liddell Hart found remarkable harmony among French generals

day at Baden-Baden. After being a brilliant leader of the French African troops who fought in Europe, he was Military Attaché in Moscow from 1946 to 1948, and got on well with the Russians. Beyond his military qualities, he is a man of broad and enlightened views, keen to foster better and closer relations between French and Germans. On the more technical side I also had some interesting discussion with the tank experts he had assembled to meet me, and found General Schlesser, the commander of the 5th Armoured Division at Landau, a particularly "live wire."

In sum, the present military leaders of France are far more impressive than those who were at the top before the war. The one criticism I should be inclined to make is that they seemed rather too optimistic about the possibility of solving the problem of creating an effective defence, and of having the time to do so.

Such hopefulness may have been only the natural and necessary attitude of men who are intent to make the best of a difficult job. But their qualified optimism was in striking contrast to the unqualified pessimism expressed by many officers who have left the Army since the war. The facts which these cite are disturbing. It is evident that a great deal will have to be accomplished before their pessimism can justly be regarded as anything more than realism—seeing things as they really are.

Since the shock of the Korean crisis a greater sense of urgency has developed in Paris, as in the other capitals of the West. Following the British Government's outline proposal to spend £3,400 million on defence in the next three years, the French Government has submitted to the U.S. Government a defence memorandum setting forth a new programme which would cost 2,000 milliards of francs (over £2,000 million) in the same period.

More specific than the British one, it states that this programme would provide for "the formation in three years of fifteen new divisions, fully equipped"—presumably bringing the total to twenty. That is a big jump in ideas compared with what the French were previously contemplating.

But the completion of the expanded programme is set three years away, and even if that much time is allowed, it will still be far from providing the number of divisions estimated as necessary to cover a 1,000-kilometre (600-mile) front. This number is now put at fifty for the ready-for-action covering force.

The French plainly hint that they will not feel inclined to attempt the effort involved in the new programme unless satisfied that it will prove an effective insurance. They emphasize that it will depend not only on additional American aid in money and equipment, but also on additional troop reinforcement by their overseas partners. They dwell on their bitter experience in 1940, and declare: "It is necessary for the United States and Great Britain in particular to share in defence by stationing a sufficient number of divisions in continental Europe."

The British Army is twice as large as before the war, yet has less than half as many divisions as it did then. It is almost as large as the French Army, and conscripts men for a longer period, yet has produced even fewer than the meagre French number of divisions. It is natural that the French should be puzzled. What they fail to understand is the detrimental effect of their own system, especially when copied by a non-continental country like Britain, with peculiar circumstances and a multiplicity of overseas commitments.

"Benelux" Contribution

As things stand, it would be difficult for Britain to provide anything like the number of active divisions needed, even by extending the period of conscription. If she were to scrap conscription and revert to a purely Regular army, offering greater inducements to volunteers, a better number of divisions than at present might be provided. But not "sufficient" to bridge the gap in Western Europe. That the U.S.A. will be able to do much to make up the balance is improbable now that her forces are so deeply embroiled in the Far East.

The only other present contributors are the "Benelux" countries. What could they do? After going on from France to visit the three Western zones of Germany, I came back through Holland to Belgium in the last week of my tour of investigation.

In Brussels I talked to the newly appointed Minister of Defence, M. Moreau de Melen, and the Chiefs of the General Staff and the Air Staff, Generals Baele and Leboutte. They were both open-minded and refreshingly realistic. (So was General Van der Kroon, the Dutch Assistant Chief of Staff at Western Union Headquarters, whom I met earlier.)

I also saw M. Spaak, the former Belgian Prime Minister, who is President of the Consultative Assembly of the Council of Europe; he talked to me at length about the need for a "European" Minister of Defence, and the formation of a European army.

In detail the reconstruction of the Belgian forces has gone well, and in quality they are better than before the war. French and British experts had already spoken to me of this, with high praise of the new training methods in both the Army and the Air Force. Indeed, the Air Force is probably the best of those on the Continent relatively to the size of the country.

Belgium Can Afford More

At the same time, Belgium has been spending a smaller proportion of the national income on defence than any of her neighbours, so she could afford a bigger outlay to get bigger results. The Government shows reluctance to increase the proportion of professional soldiers, since conscripts are paid only 300 francs a month (£2) whereas professionals have to be paid upwards of 3,000 francs; but an increase of professionals would make a great difference to the prospect of having more divisions in a state of readiness—at present there is only one, and that is not at full strength.

But even if the Belgians make as big an effort as the French are now proposing to do, their "ceiling" would hardly be more than four or five ready-for-action divisions.

While Holland should be able to contribute a similar number on the basis of population, the prospect of her being actually able to do so is dimmer. She is already devoting a larger proportion (eight per cent) of her national income to defence than her neighbours, and as much as Britain is doing. But most of her effort is absorbed by the troubles in Indonesia, and it is unsafe to reckon on a lessening of the Far Eastern strain that would enable her to concentrate her full possible strength in the West.

In sum, it is hard to see how anything approaching the figure of fifty active divisions for the covering force in Western Europe could be produced from the present contributors—France, Britain, Belgium, Holland and the U.S.A. Even with the much expanded programme now contemplated it would be remarkable if more than two-thirds of that requirement were attained—three years hence.

French Training Is Best

Besides the numerical deficiency there is a psychological one of fundamental importance. It is doubtful whether the French have sufficient confidence in themselves, while it is only too clear that their neighbours lack confidence in French capacity to fill effectively the main rôle in Western Europe's defence. In this respect a number of the views I heard during my tour were more revealing, and disturbing, than the ones I have mentioned.

It is not easy to gauge how the French Army, and people, would stand the strain of a fresh invasion, especially a Russian invasion. As a result of General de Lattre's reforming energy and imagination as Inspector-General after the war, the French Army's basic training is now probably the best in the world. From what I have seen and heard, his system of "light camps"—to which young men go for the first six weeks of their conscript service—has borne good fruit, and done much to create a new spirit of initiative and self-confidence in the rising generation.

Much would depend on the circumstances in which another war started. If the French felt that they were being drawn into war needlessly over some indirect issue, or called on to fight without a reasonable chance of success, national morale would be weakened and disunity fostered. Their spirits would be likely to droop from the start.

Realism Is "Too Risky"

It thus becomes all the more important to make up the numerical deficiency in Western defence if a moral deficiency is to be prevented. Unless America and Britain can station many more divisions on the Continent than seems likely, the only way that the gap could be filled is with Germans.

That hard fact has become uncomfortably clear. Yet at the time I was in Paris hardly anyone in political circles was willing to contemplate such a step, far less to take it. They were reluctant even to discuss it.

The reason was explained to me by M. Paul Reynaud, one of the rare exceptions to the prevailing rule of "ostrichism." To be realistic about rearming the Germans is too risky in political life there. Most Frenchmen realize that Western defence cannot be consolidated without the Germans taking part in it, and many feel that this is necessary if only to save France being bled white, but no Frenchman dares to say so publicly if he values his political career.

What do the Germans feel about it? Captain Liddell Hart will discuss this question in his next JOHN BULL article

Month of madness

A woman's shoe, a child's unfinished meal. . . . Stillson didn't like to think what it meant. He had to get away

by ALASTAIR SCOBIE

STILLSON DROVE OUT of Bulawayo as the clocks were striking 4 a.m., took the Victoria Falls road out past the Location, then forked left on to the dirt road that leads through the Tarashenga Pass to Ncheli.

He drove very fast, sending the big American convertible along in a cloud of red dust, hoping to get through the pass before the fierce heat of the afternoon. It was the month of the first rains and the air was hot and still even at that early hour.

"I should have filled my radiator," he told himself, noticing, as the car roared over the narrow concrete bridges, that the rivers held no vestige of water, but were only seared, eroded beds of cracked red earth. The surface of the road itself was corrugated, and only by driving at speed was the ride relatively comfortable. Even then red dust got everywhere—in his hair and eyelids, down the neck of his shirt, and smothered the instrument panel on the dashboard.

Another three weeks would see the rivers running torrents, the road a sticky morass, needing chains on the wheels, but the flowers and seedlings would shoot up through the baked earth and the miracle of a Rhodesian spring would be enacted again. He swung off at the police post at Muturu, and called to a native constable.

"Hey, boya lapa. Bwissa manzi, eh?" He knew only the usual few words of Kitchen Kaffir, but it got him by.

"Water, Baas," said the native, saluting and grinning, "I bring."

The boy ambled off, and Stillson sat and listened to the crackle of the car cooling now he had stopped. "Where are the Police Baases?" he asked as the boy returned.

"Gone to the bush-fires, Baas. Many bush-fires in the valley."

When the radiator was full Stillson gave the boy a silver threepenny piece and drove on. It was great fun driving in that God-forsaken valley in the days before the rains! "Suicide Month," they called it, because tempers were stretched to breaking point with the heat, and "accidents" with firearms were not uncommon.

Stillson was a salesman and installation engineer for a firm of Johannesburg mining engineers. He didn't know that part of the country, and by 6 a.m. he felt rather than knew that he was lost. The road had deteriorated into something like a cart track. This was being "out in the blue" with a vengeance!

IT was with a distinct feeling of relief that he saw the big, rusty circular plate nailed to a tree. On the plate was painted, in rough white letters: "Mvura-Mvura Farm. J. J. Koleash."

Stillson turned off the road and drove past the fire-breaks, up the bumpy farm track. He was in one of those ordered pockets of civilization that pockmark the Rhodesian bush wherever the yellow earth is found that will grow tobacco.

Yes, there were the tall, orderly tobacco-curing barns, brick-built with asbestos roofs, a pump and the seed-beds, with Africans watering the seeds under their thatch of straw. The big farm-house stood like the castle of some medieval baron on a rocky spur overlooking the whole vast farm.

As Stillson stopped his car, a native in white servant's kit looked out. Stillson just saw a flash of the startled black face. Then a white man came down the red cement steps, walked to the car and held out his hand. "I'm Koleash," he said.

"I'm Stillson."

It was a good old form of greeting. Koleash was grinning delightedly at Stillson. "Come in, man, and have a spot of breakfast, eh? Hell, it's five or six weeks since I've seen a white man. And I'll bet you didn't come to see me."

"I'm on my way to the Ncheli Mine, as a matter of fact."

"Ach, you'll never get there today. The whole damned valley went up in a puff last night and the roads are hot to the touch."

Stillson was a big man, a six-footer, but Koleash topped him by three inches, and was broad with his height. The farmer wore patched jean trousers, an ancient green sports shirt, Army boots and a huge, stained sun-hat, looking like a tramp. Give him a bedding-roll and he could have waltzed Matilda along the Transvaal Reef in that kit, but looks were nothing to go by in that part of the world. Judging by the ordered air of the farm, Koleash was probably a millionaire. A good crop from a farm this size would bring in over £30,000 at the prevailing price of 'baccy.

"Come up into the house and have breakfast."

"Thanks, I will. How's the 'baccy?"

"Ach, hell. Planting rains are late and the natives are hard to come by. . . ."

Koleash grumbled after the manner of all farmers the world over. Then he shouted: "Sixpence! Come here, you savage!"

THE scared servant came into the room, cringing. Stillson, hating to see an African cringe, felt uncomfortable. Some of these old-time farmers could be brutes—yet labour, as Koleash had said, was short, and the boys could soon pack up and find a better master if they wanted to.

"Sixpence. Squeeze out two dozen oranges and make coffee. Bacon-eggs. And get a move on!" Koleash flicked his foot out at the boy, and Sixpence squealed and dodged. There was naked fear on the boy's face and Stillson felt embarrassed. He was, after all, a guest, an uninvited guest, and the way a farmer ran his labour was none of his business. But this bullying of a skinny native, forbidden by the laws of the land to hit back, was repugnant to him and he hoped he could get out as soon as they had had breakfast.

"It's a fair treat to see you, man," Koleash was saying. "Take no notice of my way with Sixpence, I caught him stealing last week, and man, I'm down on him."

Of course that explained it. Yet there was something wrong about the place, something strained and unnatural about Koleash, if you thought about it. He seemed to be under some burden of worry or grief. The man talked nineteen to the dozen as they ate, talked of his years in the Army, of his struggles to get the farm going, of labour and 'baccy prices and snakes and the lion he had shot last month. But through it all he seemed to have half his mind on something else, some problem that was very near and very important . . . something frightening; or threatening. What, thought Stillson, can be wrong with him?

When they had finished breakfast Koleash led the way on to the fly-screened veranda, Stillson following. Koleash was talking now about tobacco diseases. Altenaria, Wild Fire, the necessity for good reaping. Either, Stillson thought, he's overjoyed to find a white man to talk to or he's got something very nasty on his mind and he's covering up. I wish he'd stop talking!

And at that moment Stillson saw a small object lying on the red cement floor, a small black object with the inevitable string of black ants moving over it . . . it was a woman's shoe! Koleash, not stopping for a second in his flood of talk, put a big boot to the shoe and slid it out of sight behind a gun-rack.

"A married man, I see," said Stillson, and wished he had bitten his tongue off. For the other turned on him with hate in his eyes, bunched a heavy fist, and Stillson slipped back, got ready to fight. . . . But Koleash opened his hands and shrugged wearily.

"Ach," he said, "I suppose you could call me that." He slumped, defeated, into a deck chair that stood on the veranda. "It's a nasty story."

"Don't talk about it if you'd rather not. I mean, it's your affair."

"The bitch!" Koleash said with a sudden hatred. "She not only left me. She's robbing me of my farm."

Stillson said nothing.

"Yes, man. When I went into the R.A.F." (it had been the Army a moment ago, Stillson noted, with some surprise), "to do my bit for the country, I made the farm over to her in case anything should happen. Four years later I come back and find her carrying on. . . ." Koleash put a big hand over his eyes as if to shut out the very thought.

"I warned her," he said, "I warned her I would shoot her if it didn't stop. But she wouldn't give me the farm back, man. She says it's hers. I went into town to buy seed and when I came back she'd gone. Packed and gone and taken the kiddie. . . ."

He went on talking until Stillson, in a sort of panic, said: "Just a minute, old man, I'll get my cigarettes. They're in the dash-pot of the car."

In his haste to get away he opened the wrong door off the veranda, stepped into a bedroom by mistake. And what he saw in the bedroom he did not like. Clothes lay about, not in any great disorder, but scattered as an untidy woman might scatter them—but not as if she had been packing. The door of the wardrobe, for instance, stood open, and the wardrobe was full of light dresses. . . . And damn it—there was a child's pusher chair, and on the tray was the remains of a little meal. Bread and butter, milk and something mixed in a paste. The ants had not got it yet, and the stuff looked fresh. Stillson felt weak, sick at the stomach as though the heat from the corrugated-iron roof was striking into his brain.

HE turned to leave the room, then started. On the floor, winking in the hard sunlight, were two ejected shells from a hunting rifle. Yes, and in the wall two neat holes at chest height.

Stillson went to his car, found the cigarettes, and then made his decision. He opened the door of the car, got in and felt for the starter. He would drive straight to the police post. . . . Stillson took his hand off the starter button.

Koleash was coming down the steps. And cradled in his arms, ready to fire, was a light sporting rifle. He said nothing until he got to the car, but there was an unnatural sweat on his face, his eyes were crafty and his mouth twitched. Stillson braced his body for a shot. He had walked into something very evil. This man had gone heat-crazy and killed his wife and child.

"Yes," said Koleash, smiling horribly, "let's go for a little ride. I'll take you to see my dam."

Through dry lips Stillson asked: "Why the gun?"

"Gun? Oh, you meet baboons here. Baboons damage the crops. I always carry a rifle when I go round the farm."

"I wish you'd put the safety catch on,"

Stillson took his hand off the starter button quickly. Koleash was coming down the steps. There was a rifle in his hands, and his mouth twitched

Stillson said. "Accidents have happened."

Koleash laughed. He snicked the safety catch into place with a huge thumb, put the gun in the car, climbed in himself. His huge hands alone, Stillson thought, could choke the life out of a man.

"To the right," Koleash said, and Stillson, his heart battering against his ribs, drove as Koleash directed. They drove for two miles into a fine valley that opened out until you could see the land falling away for forty miles to the west, a great vista of flat-topped trees and scrub and thorn and jumbled rock outcrops, broken only by the broad scar of the ploughed lands directly beneath them.

They stopped by a great rampart of earth, scooped up and flung in a barrier across the narrow end of the valley.

"I planned this a year ago," Koleash said, and Stillson could not help thinking he was not referring to the great dam.

"Twenty oxen working in couples with dam scoops. Blocked off the valley. I've sunk two bore holes above the dam, and they give me forty thousand gallons a month, I reckon, in the rainy season at least. When the rains come the whole place will be a great sheet of water, up to the level of the dam."

And Stillson, looking down on to what would be the floor of the new lake, searched for a grave. . . . Was there a better place to hide two bodies? Or three bodies, perhaps, counting himself, the interfering stranger who had stumbled on this horror.

Koleash, smiling, got out of the car, took his rifle, snicked off the safety catch once more.

"Come on," he said, "and have a closer look, man."

Then something snapped in Stillson. Let it be now or never! He raced his engine, dropped in the clutch and sent the car roaring off, wheels spinning, door flapping, skidded round the first bend and crossed the firm top of the earth dam. He crouched at the wheel waiting for the first shot. He leaned over and slammed the door, zigzagged into the trees, sent the car racing across the open veld. Ah, that had foxed him! As he turned again he could see the figure of Koleash running across the dam, rifle at the ready.

DRIVING flat out, Stillson reached the police post just as three tired, grimy white members of the British South Africa Police climbed from their truck outside the little brick charge-room.

"Hey," one of them said, "what you seen, mister—old Lobengula's ghost? Steady on there, steady on."

"Koleash's farm," Stillson said, "I've just come from there. Something pretty beastly. . . ."

They guided him into the shade and he told the story while the native policeman made the inevitable tea with the usual bitter, chemically treated water. The sergeant waited for him to finish, then shook his head and clicked his tongue.

"Pity," he said, "Pity we was out when you pitched up here, or we could have told you to give Koleash a miss. Mind you, he wouldn't hurt you. But he's lonely out there and he always goes a bit nuts when the rains are late."

"But his wife and kid . . . ?"

"Came through here last night. She stuck it until he thought he saw a lion in her bedroom and started blazing away at it with a .303. Then she decided to push off to her sister in Durban until he cools off. He wouldn't hurt her. But when she goes he gets a bit of a persecution mania. Did he tell you how she was planning to rob him of the farm? I thought so."

"Every year he tells that story," said the corporal.

Stillson sipped his tea. The walls of the little office seemed to be crinkling in the heat.

The sergeant wiped off the river of sweat that crept down the side of his neck. "He'll be all right when the rains break." He grinned. "Of course, the heat never has any effect on you, Mr. Stillson, does it? Have you ever thought you might do with a spot of cool and a nice Paludrine tablet? There's enough static in the air today to drive us all howling crackers. Don't worry, Mr. Stillson, there are clouds on the way."

Stillson started to laugh, the tension in him uncoiling like a watch spring running down. "I'll have to watch myself," he said, still laughing.

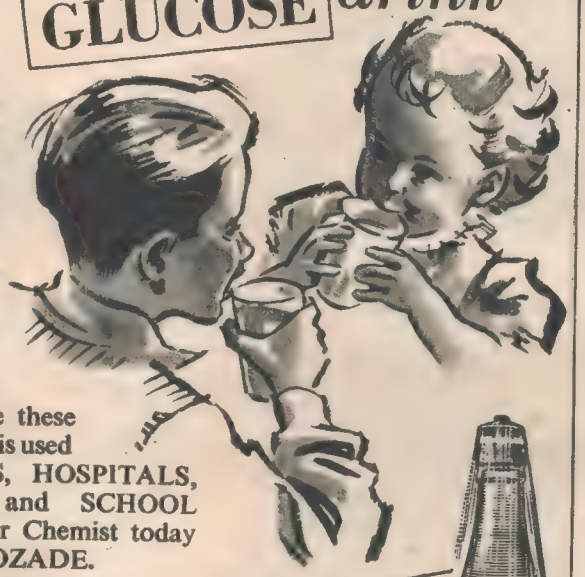
He was still chuckling after lunch when, after a stiff whisky, they put him on the road for Ncheli, and he drove there straight as an arrow, seventy miles an hour into the white heat and the purple shadows, with the dust in a curtain behind him. He was tickled by the thought that Koleash must have decided that he, Stillson, was as mad as a hatter!

ILLUSTRATED BY TISDALL

THE END

Lucozade

The sparkling GLUCOSE *drink*



To help in building up a child's vitality give him this exciting, refreshing drink. And then watch him lift up his little face for more. LUCOZADE needs no digesting. It presents no problem to the most delicate of stomachs. It is a form of energy which is assimilated immediately. So widely recognised are these virtues that LUCOZADE is used extensively in CLINICS, HOSPITALS, NURSING HOMES and SCHOOL SANATORIA. See your Chemist today about a supply of LUCOZADE.

From Chemists 2/6 a bottle

Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)

Invaluable in sickness and in health . . .

Get

Lucozade

—it is so energising and palatable

LUCOZADE LTD., GT. WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX.

royds

FOR FACES & PLACES

ILFORD

SELOCHROME

FILM

THE SCARLET SWORD

Continued from page 11

central ward. Afterwards he felt he would never have got into that room—more than ever now like a casualty ward with its two rows of jumbled bedding and groaning women, so that he could hardly see in the light of candles stuck into tin lids on the floor—if it had not been for Mrs. Maxted. Like the Mahsud searching for him, he would have gone thrashing madly round and round for something he could not find. Now, like Mrs. Maxted, he felt himself flung forward, unafraid and even unperturbed, into a situation of bright and ghastly calm.

He laid Mrs. Maxted down on an empty bed, under the wall. From all about him the terror of the night seemed to narrow down, crystallized into the tiny area of candlelight about her face. Unreal and unbelievable for so long, it now achieved reality in sudden and singular statements about her health. She seemed to have been saving them up for him:

"I walk round the kitchen sometimes in the morning, talking to the *chaprassi*, and I have to hang on to the chairs—I simply can't stand up."

An enamel bowl of warm water was standing by the bed. He unbuttoned Mrs. Maxted's pink pyjama jacket. A woman cried in a series of regular bubbles of pain, some distance up the ward, the sound like the boiling of a pot. A nun murmured words of comfort; a candle moved tree-like shadows down the walls.

Father Simpson dipped a square of flannel into the warm water and washed Mrs. Maxted's blood from her shoulder.

She was saying: "I had some awful doctor in Bombay who tried to make out the whole thing wasn't physical at all—it was just mental and all that——"

At least there's no bullet, Father Simpson thought. He squeezed the bloodied flannel into the bowl like a pressed orange, with one hand, smoothing her forehead with the other.

"Men's hands are so much warmer than women's, I always notice," Mrs. Maxted said. "Feel mine. I've always had the most frightful circulation——"

She held them flatly outstretched. At the same moment he smelt cigarette smoke in the air, a little thin perfumed smokiness creeping in out of the general odour of fire, but he did not notice it much. He noticed only that Mrs. Maxted's hands hung in the air as if paralysed. At last he took them in his own and laid them gently back on the bed.

"You mustn't wave your hands about," he said. Her chest was heaving desperately in the candlelight. On the wound there was a little viscous blood, liver-coloured, about the size of a bean. Exactly as with asthma, she struggled for breath, her mouth beating darkly at the air.

He turned to reach again for the bowl of water. It did not surprise him to find that it had gone. In its place was a tray, neatly covered with a white huckaback towel. He removed the towel and found underneath it an orderly collection of bandages and gauze, with adhesive plaster and scissors and a medicine bottle of antiseptic and a second smaller bowl of water. He moved neatly among these things, efficiently selecting what he wanted. All that he did now was accomplished delicately. His air of minute concentration about the tray did not recall the blundering figure attacking the trench and the potatoes.

In his mind he concentrated on the necessity for keeping Mrs. Maxted quiet, by making a comfortable pad for the wound. He unrolled the pink

sausage of lint, and then the cotton wool.

Cutting the line, he could not see the impregnated side very well in the candlelight, and moved the candle. It almost fell over.

"Father—Father Simpson," Mrs. Maxted said, "did someone knock me down?"

"You must be quiet." He turned his face, solid and taut in the candlelight, and saw her moving on the bed. "No, you must not get up," he said, "no, not now."

Turning back to the tray, he was aware of a curious and illuminating difference there. The candle seemed now to have a row of scarlet beads underneath it, along the edge of the tin lid. A single shot outside the Mission startled him, waking him to the fact that the row of beads on the tin lid were finger nails.

His appreciation of this simple fact, joined to the fact of the cigarette smoke, the interchange of bowl and tray, came to him slowly. It was some time before he looked over his shoulder and saw the Hindu girl, Kaushalya, squatting on the floor behind the tray, her hand holding the candle.

Even then he did not look at her face. She seemed to be holding it far back from him, effacingly, in shadow. It was not until he saw the candlelight

The Embry Escape

Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry

Exciting new series starts in John Bull next week

As Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command, Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., is today a key figure in the defence of the West. Yet ten years ago, hungry and filthy, dressed in a coat stolen from a scarecrow, he was braving death to escape from Nazi-occupied France.

Next week JOHN BULL begins publication of "The Embry Escape" as an exclusive series.

Embry's personal story describes for the first time his epic lone exploit—ten weeks of perilous hide-and-seek. The story is related by Embry's former comrade-in-arms, Anthony Richardson.

Only by placing a regular order for JOHN BULL *now can you be sure of reading every exciting instalment of this great new series.*

pressed forward, in sharper concentration, that he grasped the significance of it all. Moving to lay the pad on Mrs. Maxted's chest, he saw the candlelight advance across the bed. He turned then and saw that she was holding a second tray in front of her face. Swiftly he saw the dark eyes above it, the little screen of cigarette smoke, the big blue circle of turquoise about the ears, the scarlet mark of lips on dark skin.

On the bed Mrs. Maxted smiled. Her forearms, brushed by his own as he laid the pad on her chest, were very cold. He was startled by them into self-condemnation. He was distressed by his own inadequacy. It was very wrong of him and very stupid. He ought to have covered her up.

In that very moment he realized that he had never covered her up because there was no blanket. He looked about him, seeing almost for the first time the ward with its beds and little candles, the dark figures on the beds; the floating nuns, scroll-like, anonymous, between; the three rectangles of moonlight at the end, one of them an open door through which the raging Mahsuds had come and gone.

Out of all this, from another bed, came the Hindu girl with a blanket. She laid it over Mrs. Maxted's feet, the lower part of her body, and up to her chest. And having laid it there she sat on the far side of the bed so that Father Simpson could see her.

"Somebody knocked me down," Mrs. Maxted said. Upturned, her eyes searched not for Father Simpson, but for Kaushalya. She smiled. But the girl did not understand and Mrs. Maxted said: "Doesn't she understand? Doesn't she speak English?"

Father Simpson, cutting strips of adhesive plaster, his tongue out, his teeth on edge at the spongy touch of scissors on the material, spoke in Hindustani, asking the girl whether she spoke English or not.

Her lips did not move in answer. She gave instead that strange twist of the head, half sideways, curiously melancholy, that he could never decide was either negative or positive, and Mrs. Maxted said: "Doesn't she?"

"No," he said. "I think not."

"It's queer how they sometimes never do," she said.

A moment later, the middle rectangle of moonlight at the far end of the ward was shattered by a mob of raging Pathans, howling with hoarse frenzy as they moved down the ward.

Father Simpson stood up. He became clearly aware, for the first time, of the ward and its moonlit figures, ghoulish and stark. Women were shrieking everywhere. A Pathan, spectral, ahead of the rest, was slicing the air with a knife. The floor was a mass of distorted limbs, of feet crushing splinters of moon.

Kaushalya did not get up. Mrs. Maxted, aware of new terrors, opened her mouth as if to begin shrieking and he actually heard the thin first peep of her voice before the Hindu girl crushed it out with her hand.

This tiny sound brought him fully to himself. He bent down by Mrs. Maxted, holding the blanket.

"I am going to cover your face," he said. He heard women in panic crashing and falling against floor and walls at the far end of the ward, like soft ninepins kicked in a corner, but he went on: "I'm going to cover you right over. Don't move. Don't do anything. Pretend——"

Her eyes were scared, very bright above the lifted blanket.

He covered her face gently but swiftly. His crucifix was entangled with his vest and it was some moments before he could get it from under his shirt. Two Pathans leapt like dark panthers at

"You're awfully quiet tonight, Mr. Lloyd"

the Hindu girl, one at each arm, flinging her fifteen feet up the aisle between the beds. The crucifix came up at last from under Father Simpson's shirt, warm from the heat of his body, and he crossed himself twice and laid the crucifix on Mrs. Maxted's chest.

When he turned again there was no one at that end of the ward except Kaushalya; lying on the floor where the Pathans had left her, and Mrs. Maxted and himself. He crawled from between the beds, on his hands and knees, to where Kaushalya lay.

She was lying flat on her face, staring up the ward, at the level of the floor. He could not tell if she lay there in terror or paralysis or because she was wounded. Her body was so stiff when he tried to turn it that finally he picked her up as she lay, face downwards, his hands under her breasts and thighs.

"Are you hurt? Are you all right?" he said, using first English and then Hindustani. She turned her head towards him, when he had laid her on the floor next to Mrs. Maxted, just as the two Pathans came rushing back down the aisle.

One kicked him in the small of the back, pitching him forward, and when he got to his knees again Kaushalya had gone. He glanced swiftly at Mrs. Maxted. She had not moved, he thought, and was glad; and then he saw that his crucifix was not there. He was momentarily distressed; it was a precious thing; his younger sister had given it him; and then he saw that she must have taken it under the blanket.

It was not until he was on his feet again, nearly a minute later, that he became aware that there was now, at the far end of the ward, a sudden horrifying order in everything. Most of the women had stopped shrieking. They were huddled together, along the wall by the open doors, like a crowd of whimpering, beaten dogs.

It came to him that they were about to be shot. In this sudden regimentation there was new terror. He strode down the ward. Halfway down, a Pathan rose from a bed and ran leaping like a hurdler across the divisions separating the beds. On the bed a woman writhed, rocking from side to side, desperately beating the air about her with dark hands.

He looked instinctively at her face, remembering Kaushalya. But it was not Kaushalya, and the woman, seeing him pass, was freshly embarrassed and terrified, and in panic drew a blanket up over her body, distressed that she should be seen.

He went on up the ward and some seconds later he saw Kaushalya. Four or five Pathans were pushing the women into a single line along the wall and she was at the end of the line. He saw the red glow of her cigarette as it moved in her hands. Then a Pathan hit him about the waist with a rifle stock, pushing him up against the wall. He fell against Kaushalya. She was in the act of putting the cigarette in her mouth and as he knocked against her a shower of ash fell from her hands.

He felt for his crucifix. Momentarily, not finding it there, he was lost. Struggling flabbily with himself, he was aware again of Kaushalya's cigarette. He wavered terribly; if he could not smoke, then he had to pray and for an instant he shut his eyes, opening them at once, again, bitter at his own cowardice. He looked down at the cigarette, burning away in her hand. In another moment a flash or two from the Pathan rifles would disperse for ever all that he felt on earth and was. It could not matter and yet he could not ask her. It was like asking a woman if he could kiss her and he could not ask that.

She put the cigarette to her mouth, pulling at it slowly, pressing her head back against the wall, as if quite calm. It seemed an age to him before her hand came down. Following it instinctively, he trembled and then, in another moment, he took it and held it, gripping it hard.

She did not look at him. He pressed his head against the wall, staring in front of him, calmed now and unafraid. He thought of several people, steadily, one by one: of Colonel Mathieson, of Crane, of Father Anstey—and then, most unexpectedly, of someone he had not seen all day and yet had seen, he felt, somewhere that night, in one of his moments of unresolved nightmare.

Dr. Baretta, he thought. Where is she? Odd I should think of her. He was disturbed by shadowy recollections and thought: I saw her somewhere. After all I did see her. Dr. Baretta—the fine, gentle Anglo-Indian face struggled out of the darkness, troubling him—I did see her somewhere—yes, I did.

A moment later he looked round and saw, unastonished now because he remembered it all, that she was standing beside him.

"They have shot my husband," she said. "I saw them——"

The ward seemed to splinter into fragments before his eyes at her words, joined now to the more bitter and terrible of his recollections. He gripped the young doctor's hand in his left hand, holding Kaushalya's in his right, and said in a loud and confident voice, in English, surprising himself by his own calm: "I propose to give absolution—to all of you—no matter who you are—even if you do not understand——"

A Pathan came raging down the line and hit him in the mouth. He stood very still, gripping the hand of the Hindu girl on the one side of him and of the Anglo-Indian on the other, feeling an intense love for both of them extend itself quietly, in profound waves through his body.

He began again, stubbornly, resolutely, and in the same loud, clear voice. "O, Father—O God, our Father," and the Pathan hit him in the mouth again and then again, on the rebound, as his head came back from the wall. He began to speak once again, steadily and clearly, gripping the hands of the two women on either side of him, but a woman screamed and the smooth manipulations of rifle bolts across the ward smothered his voice.

When he tried to speak for the fourth time he was aware of Dr. Baretta crying. He lifted his arms and held both her and Kaushalya by the shoulders. The Hindu girl was not crying and for some reason he was very glad. He exulted for a moment in tenderness for them both and then began, in a fine, clear voice, to speak for the fifth time.

In that moment he was astonished to see Crane in the doorway. Another figure, strange to him, too tall for Colonel Mathieson, lifted a revolver and to the priest's intense astonishment shot down a Pathan who was hitting a woman in the face.

Fearful and glad at the same time, he shouted: "Don't come in, Mr. Crane, don't come in, they will shoot you," and at his side Kaushalya let fall her cigarette, crushing it slowly on the floor with her foot, blowing the last cloud of smoke against the light of the moon.

Crane ran across the terrace and, still in his stockinged feet, down the path towards the vines. Under the apple trees the trench gaped like a yellow mouth in the moonlight, empty. Across grey pleats of hills, now that the moon had turned, snow was visible on high peaks like white crusts of starch. Down below, in the village, on the other side of the river, half a dozen fires started by the raiders were burning smokelessly, bright orange.

Some distance before he came to the vines he began calling to Julie. "Julie! Julie! It's all right. Julie!" He had sent McAlister for safety there and it was McAlister who replied:

"She went to find you, Mr. Crane. Didn't you see her? She went——"

"For God's sake!" he said. "When?"

The nurse appeared up the path, small and anxious, running.

"It was after you sent me down. She was worried about her mother."

He felt the coldness of his feet for the first time. It seemed to solidify into two perpendicular bars of deathly sharpness that robbed his legs of strength. In the relief of finding Sikander Shah, of stopping the general massacre inside the ward, he had experienced wild relief. It was all over.

Now he remembered the last volley of shooting far behind the hospital and how, with astonishing abruptness, it had frozen into brutal silences.

He said: "I'm going to look for her. Get the women into the hospital ward. Quickly. It's all right."

A stray shot in the valley made an exceptional flight of sound, singing across from one escarpment to another like a steely mosquito, and then dying out as he came within twenty or thirty yards of the chapel. It made him realize how silent everything was; that the terrace, except for the solitary woman who had been clubbed down in the centre of it, was quite deserted.

Then he heard a low groaning from the path that went down behind the chapel. A moment later a young nun appeared, her head almost completely wrapped in her hood, babbling German.

He was so delighted to see this living figure that he began to run towards it. Seeing him, she stopped and stood shrieking. She shrieked with her teeth closed, so that her mouth, oval and

Soft, fresh Silks are gay for after work!

RINSO suds will **KEEP** them soft, their colours clear and bright!

Silk is so right when, the day's work done, you dress to flatter your prettier self. But silk must be carefully washed to keep it soft and fresh. That "special" dress needs the gentle care of Rinso's generous suds. Rinso is thorough, yet so safe it keeps your finest things looking their best—though they're washed again and again. Colours, too, come up beautifully in Rinso—as bright as *you* feel wearing them!

RINSO
is kind to kiddies' woollies —keeps them comfortable, their colours clear, through washing after washing.

RINSO
is right for shirts, because it keeps them just the way *he* wants them—gets them really clean, helps them last and last.

RINSO
suds won't dull those bright colours. With Rinso, your aprons will stand up to frequent washings.

Rinso
takes special care of the finer things you wash!

HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

R 258-80

white and stretched in the moonlight, flashed like a glittering spoon.

This single, partly imprisoned scream, more dreadful than if she had opened her mouth, finally cleared his brain. It annoyed him intensely.

"Have you seen Miss Maxted?" he shouted. He took her by the shoulders, shaking her. "Have you seen Miss Maxted, for God's sake—Miss Maxted!"

Her shrieking became a kind of paralysed hissing. He realized that she could not open her mouth. The bared spoon-like oval of teeth was locked in terror. Her face was skull-like under its hood, stiff as dead bone.

He ran on past her, along the path between the cypresses. The moon had fallen westward and a long segment of shadow under the chapel was empty. He ran thirty or forty yards down the path before he saw what it was that had made the little German nun shriek between her locked teeth.

He saw the dark faces, the dark arms and ankles, of ten or a dozen Indian women lying before him on the path. He remembered the final burst of shooting. In the moonlight the dead bore the queerest resemblance to piles of ejected laundry, ready for washing, and in his mind a wild flickering of disjointed fragments of experience and fear now became whole and clear.

Among the dark faces, at the far end, was a single white face. He saw it upturned. It was hideously like something he knew. He walked round the path, so blocked with its piles of huddled figures that he could not walk through, and stiffly to where the single European face stared upwards. A wave of most violent revulsion brought back the metallic stiffening of his legs so that he could not bend down. His odd paralysis threw him forward on his hands among the dead. He was like a man falling in a faint, stretching out his hands in irreverent clumsiness, groping.

He discovered that the face was the face of Mrs. Mathieson. Relief calmed him for a moment until he realized that under this face was another, also white. He began to drag Mrs. Mathieson free. In his demented clumsiness he fell down, sprawling against other bodies. He felt his mind shrieking against the fear of what he was about to find. Finally the body was free and he saw the face of it.

It was the face of a nun he did not know. He let it fall and got up, staggering and falling over the accumulated bundles of the dead. At the same moment the little German nun appeared beside him on the path.

She was articulate and sane again; her hood had fallen from her face. "She was from Alsace. I am from near Alsace, too, on the German side. She is my cousin. We came together." She talked, released now, very fast, simply, informatively. "The other lady stood in front of me. We were here and she stood in front of me."

"Come on," he said. He took her by the hand and walked away with her up the path. She did not cry. She walked beside him like a child.

At the door of the Mission, on the top step, stood a figure with a rifle. He felt the hand of the little German nun quiver in his own. She stopped speaking.

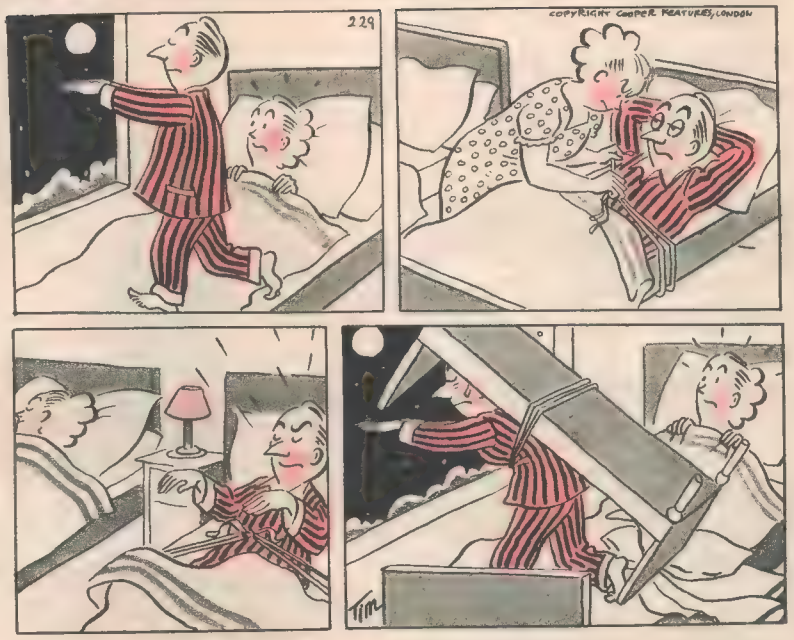
He began to shout, caring no longer, his mind crazy in his truculence: "Get out of the way, you bastard!" when some familiar line of the figure, more clearly evoked by the slant of moonlight, filled him with joy. It came to him in a moment that he was shouting at Mathieson.

The colonel stood still on the steps, saying simply: "Where is she, Crane? I can't find her. Nobody can find her."

"Where's Julie?" Crane said. "She may be with——"

The colonel shouted with unexpected

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



fury, so that the German nun gripped Crane's hand like a frightened child: "What do you keep asking about Julie for? She's inside somewhere. They're all inside. What I want to know is where—oh! For God's sake—where is she?"

Crane could not speak. The paralysis of mouth that had struck him with such impatience in the German nun now tightened his own lips. He felt them idiotically quivering, and then the German nun said: "The lady stood in front of me. She stood in front of me."

"What lady?" the colonel said. He was moved by new and more ferocious agonies to blunder down the steps. "What lady? What are you talking about?"

"She was there. She is over there. She is with my cousin. We were cousins. We were together."

"Show me!" the colonel said. "Show me!"

Mathieson gripped the little German nun by the flesh of her arm, above the elbow. He lifted her in a single movement down the steps. Crane saw his face flash past as if in reality the nun had pulled him down. He could not speak and in his mind there was neither need nor inclination to stop him. He let him go on, down the steps. He watched him blunder on across the terrace, partly lifting, partly driving, the little nun.

After ten or fifteen seconds of it he walked up the steps himself. A moment of agony for Mathieson halted him at the doorway. It dejected him; he felt suddenly filled with dribbling cowardice. He had let the colonel go to look on the most awful things without a scrap of condolence or help. I can't do it, he thought, and in the same moment remembered Julie.

Somewhere in the direction of the main Mission gates he saw a fire, and he realized that the Pathans, having drawn off at last, were camping. He remembered then with amazement that he had not seen more than one or two of them all evening. They had raged about like black and fanatical ghosts, off-stage. He stood thinking about this, staring at the distant snows.

He turned then to follow Colonel Mathieson. Immediately, across the terrace, he saw figures. In the man, he recognized the shape of Father Simpson, massive in shirt and braces, but he did not recognize the figure of the nun hurrying beside him until he remembered the brown habit he had thrown over Julie Maxted in the vines.

He called their names. "Father! Julie!"

Standing beside them, panting, he saw the girl's face. It was wrapped about by the hood of the big brown habit, cool and white and in some way anonymous, staring at him.

His relief at seeing her was so great that for a second or so he could not speak, and Father Simpson said: "Everyone is to be locked inside, Mr. Crane. We lost you."

"Colonel Mathieson is round by the chapel," Crane said. "I found a nun there. She is from Alsace——"

"I will go," Father Simpson said. "Take Miss Maxted to her mother. She is at the end of the big ward. Unless they have taken her to the hospital."

He strode away, hands locked across his braces, huge but not pompous; the big belly was thrust forward, not loosely but tautly, aggressively. A fire woke again across the valley with shots of pink and orange flame. The front walls of the Mission reflected it; the steps, up which Crane and Julie Maxted hurried without speaking, were turned for a moment to the colour of fresh brick.

Inside the central ward two wall lamps had been relit, and under them the long lines of bedding lay disordered, just as they were left.

Under the first of these lamps Crane saw a vaguely familiar figure kneeling down, probing with delicate calligraphic thrusts at an Afridi's wounded thigh. It was Dr. Baretta. It was as if she were drawing with a silver pencil, under intense concentration, microscopic pictures on the dark skin. She did not look up, and the Afridi had the appearance, silent and numbly carved, the face only partially disclosed under a mass of long black hair and carving-knife moustaches, of a warrior in bronze, laid on the tomb of a church.

Under the gaslight he could see only Kaushalya, squatting in the extreme corner of the ward, smoking, her sari folded up now so that it covered her head. There was no sign of Mrs. Maxted. The Hindu girl loosened her sari slightly, revealing her face. There was nothing in its passive and sullen delicacy that had changed, he thought, since the first moment he had seen her on the boat that morning. It was as if nothing had happened to her or near her or to anyone about her.

He heard Julie Maxted say, some paces ahead of him now, distressed: "She is not here—they have taken her. . . ." And he turned to speak to Dr. Baretta. In the act of turning he saw Kaushalya stretch out her hands and disclose, under the blanket by the corner bed, Mrs. Maxted's face. The Hindu girl, so that her hands could be free, laid her cigarette on the floor, and now the smoke of it was burning greyly upwards, under the small wall-lamp, between her passive averted face with its touches of worn scarlet and the face of Mrs. Maxted on the floor.

To his relief the girl did not cry out. He felt calmed and in some way cleanly and intensely relieved by this revelation. His calmness increased as he saw Julie Maxted turn and wildly look about her for a moment before beating her hands on the wall.

He stood by the wall and held her for a long time, not speaking. She stood against him, burying her face in the fold of his arms.

Some time later Crane saw that Kaushalya had covered Mrs. Maxted's face. He realized slowly that she had put out the lamp, too. It was only when he looked up the ward and saw that Dr. Baretta had disappeared that it came to him that he had been asleep there, where he stood.

"Julie," he said. He spoke only once but she did not answer, and he did not speak again. She was breathing softly and regularly; he could feel the warmth of her breath, comforting and moist, against his throat. Tired out, his brain clotted with sleep and the need for sleep, he let his mouth rest against the side of her face. Waves of fatigue kept pulling down the lids of his eyes with the mechanical regularity of smooth shutters. Some long time later he realized that what he had thought were the purple-rose reflections of new fires were really the first signs of breaking day.

He looked down then to see if Kaushalya were sleeping, too. He saw her eyes open, centrally black in their glassy circles of white. She was smoking her fourth or fifth cigarette—the little heap of butts like fat white ants on the floor beside her—simply letting it burn upwards, as always, in front of her face.

A conflict of anger and the unreality of the quietness about him gradually woke him up, and at last he felt the girl stir and turn in his arms, her face towards him, her mouth warm and sleep-drugged.

"Where were we? What happened?" she said. He felt great tenderness for her move in him and said: "You slept for a bit."

"It's very quiet."

"We have to get out of here," he said.

She moved her body, trying to ease its stiffness. Moving her legs, she felt his feet, still shoeless and now very cold. As she felt them she began saying something about "All this time you standing here, and nothing on," as if he were a

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Believe the best

IN our dealings with other people I think we are all apt to forget that human beings are—human. We are inclined to expect too much of our fellow men.

It is an excellent thing to set high standards for ourselves. We have no right to measure others by them.

What is possible for one is not always possible for another. The true measure of a man is how he lives up to his own ideals—not to ours.

And most people are better than we think. We should get on famously if we always acted on that belief.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

child. In distress at her own selfishness she began crying for the first time, in terrible gulping sobs and then in a continuous murmur, choking her mouth by biting the sleeve of her habit.

Down the ward the wounded Afridi stirred on the bed. He staggered clumsily about for a moment or two, testing his wounded leg. There was a threshing, brassy jangle of tribal accoutrements. It struck Crane suddenly that the Afridi looked extraordinarily like a stage soldier, fantastically over-cloaked, over-brassed, unreal. The Afridi staggered about and walked down the ward, swinging the wounded leg. He reached the door and pushed it open with violent clashings, and Crane saw him for a moment standing on the terrace beyond, wiping a black hand across barbaric moustaches, in the glare of the rising sun, before hobbling away.

CRANE felt himself breathe with involuntary relief and said again: "We have to get out of here. Tell Kaushalya. Kaushalya," he said. He tried to frame in his mind a few words of Hindustani but he was very tired and fogged and they would not come.

And then he realized that Kaushalya was not listening to him. She had thrown back her head and was looking up, and he realized in the same second that she was really listening to something else. Julie Maxted had stopped crying and was listening, too.

A plane was roaring up the valley, spluttering cannon fire. He prepared instinctively to fall, but the roaring arc of sound swept away and retreated, beating staccato embroideries like a vast sewing machine on the gorge of rock below.

When it was over, he thought: Who the hell is flying Tempests? Not the Pathans. They've got no air force. Only the Indian Air Force have Tempests. . . ."

He heard the plane roaring back. "Get down!" he shouted.

Lying on the floor, arms outstretched, one across Julie Maxted's shoulders, the other on the bed where Mrs. Maxted lay, he waited for the plane to roar with its flattening beat of obliteration over the Mission. When it had gone and he got to his feet he noticed that Kaushalya had not moved, and he said, curtly, with annoyance and yet in a way that sounded incredibly stupid when he found the words: "Come on. That was a Tempest. Come on!"

He opened the door for Julie Maxted, shouting again for Kaushalya to come, too. Up the valley he heard the Tempest coming back.

Suddenly angry, he went back and lugged Kaushalya to her feet. To his intense amazement, she smiled, bravely, superciliously, with a slow revelation of white teeth, for the first time.

He called to Julie: "Run, for God's sake! Get down!" But she shouted back: "I'll wait, I can't go without you!" And a moment later the three of them were running down the corridor in half darkness, towards the smaller hospital ward.

The Tempest came flat over the Mission for the third time, drowning the flat, flannel-like slappings of his wet, shoeless feet on the corridor. This is it, he thought—this is it—for God's sake, this is it!—and then for the third time the plane was over.

Only when it had gone was he aware of reverberations of silence broken, presently, by the sound of children singing, and on the cold dawn air a smell of cocoa.

To be continued next week

SKELETON CREW

Continued from page 16

own, see? We blokes are time-expired R.N. ratings recruited by the Guanacas consul in London on a two-year contract—all found, high pay—as a crew for *Stingray* and instructors for an intake of Guanacas navy recruits."

Ted put his ribbon away carefully. "The Guanacas consul issued us out these new civvy reach-me-downs," he said. "We use our old British uniforms, except for the capbands." He chuckled. "The old *Stingray*!" he said. "Talk about a new lease of life!" He told her, volubly but quietly, what had happened. The *Stingray* had had a refit in Gib. An R.N. crew had taken her up to Lisbon. The Guanacas consul-general there, Don Francisco Larios, had put a small maintenance party aboard, and there she was now, lying in Tagus roads, waiting for her crew to arrive and take her across the Atlantic. The officers—R.N., retired, on contract to Guanacas—had gone ahead by car a couple of days before. Don Jaime was conducting the ratings.

"Good luck to her." Lois said warmly, "and to you, Ted."

"Thanks, miss," said Ted, and he winked. "Don't let on to Don Hymie I told you what the score was. He mightn't like it. Not that I can see why—it's all aboveboard, no hanky-panky. Still, he's a bit of a rum 'un, is Don Hymie."

Lois could believe it. He certainly had been reluctant to take a stranger on the red coach. The coach boomed on, driven very fast, and in the late afternoon they came to a town of dusty trees and charming old terra-cotta-coloured houses. Don Jaime turned in his seat. "Aix-en-Provence. Ten minute halt for a drink." Lois went into the café with Ted Smith, the silent Jock MacAndrews, the rotund Curly Porter. Ted wanted cigarettes, but the café didn't sell them.

"I've got plenty in my bag," said Lois. "I'll get them."

As she went back across the pavement, to the open door of the coach at the kerb, she heard Don Jaime's voice speaking in Spanish. Spanish was one of her languages; but it was the virulence of Don Jaime's tone that halted her. He and the driver were standing on the other side of the coach. The door was closed but the windows were down.

"Damned swivel-tongued Cockney," Don Jaime said. "I didn't want the girl in the coach, anyway. I knew one of them would talk. I had my eye on Smith, in the rear-view mirror, and there he was gabbing his head off—giving her the whole story."

"Hardly," said the driver chuckling, "the *whole* story, Don Jaime?"

"Hardly," Don Jaime admitted drily. "No, hardly that. All the same——"

"Ah, why worry?" said the driver. "She's no more heard of El Campañero than have the rest of them—with their fat two-year contracts, eh? I'm looking forward to seeing the faces of those sleeping sea-dogs when they wake up."

"You will, Roca," Don Jaime said, "you will." Lois saw the gleam of his sleek head as he moved—and she stepped quickly into the coach and went to her seat. She was conscious of Don Jaime's hard glance from the window, and the greenshaded stare of the driver, Roca. She ignored them, picked up her bag, went back into the café. She didn't say anything as she passed her cigarettes round; but her heart thumped to a slow, foreboding

measure, and she was wondering how soon she could get to Marseilles to consult Philip Graven about the crew of the *Stingray*. . . .

Night had fallen, and the statue of Sainte Marie was floodlit on its eminence, when the red motor-coach slid at last into the boulevards of the great, sprawling, seaport city. Don Jaime walked back along the coach to Lois's seat. "We'll drop you off at the corner of the Rue des Allées," he said. "That's the regular terminal for the Paris - Grenoble - Marseilles coaches."

"Thank you," Lois said, and she smiled up at him pleasantly, her grey eyes candid. "Thank you for the lift, too."

"Pleasure," said Don Jaime. The coach slowed. A dozen horny hands were thrust at Lois. "Cheer-oh, miss. Best of luck. Have a good holiday."

"Hope we meet again, miss," said Ted Smith.

Lois said, "You never know, Ted—you never know." She stepped down to the pavement and watched the red coach slide away with its freight of old sailors, crew of the veteran *Stingray*, to be swallowed in the mystery of the Marseilles night. Then she turned and walked quickly along the Rue des Allées. A line of motor-coaches was drawn up on the right. Behind the coaches, the sideshow stalls of a fun fair cast a glare of light upward on to arching trees. The khaki and red of Senegalese troops jostled the white burnouses of Algerians, the pompon caps of French sailors, the fezzes of Syrian pedlars. The place was a tumult of blaring music, barkers' megaphones, the hiss of frying doughnuts, the popping of shooting-booths.

On the left, the quiet side of the street, a grey convertible with Corps Diplomatique numberplates was drawn up in front of the coach office. Lois knew that car. She stepped quickly into the office. Talking to the clerk at the counter was a tall young man. Alarmingly elegant in white flannels, a doublebreasted blue jacket with a flower in the buttonhole, a white felt hat with the brim turned down all the way round, Philip Graven glanced at Lois. His blue eyes stared. His brown, handsome face lit up. He seized both her hands. "For heaven's sake!" he said. "The coach came in, your suitcases were on it, but you weren't. What happened?"

Drawing him to a quiet corner of the office, she told him the whole story.

"I don't like it," said Philip; "I don't like any part of it. 'El Campañero' is the nickname given to a Guanacas exile in Europe called General Garcilaso Branco, who's twice led attempted coups d'état and been chased out." He stood frowning for a moment, then said abruptly, "Wait here, while I phone Paris."

He stepped into one of a row of three telephone booths. Lois lighted a cigarette and walked over to the street door, looking across at the glare of light, the motley, perspiring crowd. The amplifiers blared a brazen music, rifles cracked from the shooting-booths—and as she stood there, something flicked her hair and bit venomously into the wood of the door frame. She stepped back, horribly startled, and stared at a white, new scar gouged in the green paint on a level with her eyes. Her heart beat violently. She drew right back into the corner where the telephone booths were.

Philip rejoined her. "They know nothing about *Stingray*," he said. "They are going to get information and send me instructions. In the meantime, we've strict orders not to meddle. I take it the crew is breaking its journey in Marseilles?"

"I gathered so, from Ted Smith," Lois said. "The men are staying here tonight, going on across Spain tomorrow."

"Well, we can do nothing till we get orders," Philip said. "I've booked a room for you at a hotel in the Cannebière." He picked up her suitcases, looked at her with concern. "Lois, are you feeling all right?"

"Oh, fine," said Lois. Still her eyes were fixed on that white scar in the door frame. She bit her lips. "Let's go," she said, and taking his arm, she hustled him out very quickly to the waiting car. Up and down the Rue des Allées, the shooting-booths popped.

IT could have been a stray, that bullet, from one of the shooting booths. On the other hand, if Don Jaime had realized that she had overheard his conversation at Aix, he might have stopped the coach again on some excuse, after she had left it here in Marseilles, and doubled back on her track. "You see?" said Lois, describing the shooting incident to Philip, at dinner at her hotel.

He stared at her with the diplomatist's horror at all cloak-and-dagger acts. "No, no," said Philip. "It was a stray. We mustn't let our imaginations run away with us." He talked indulgently: "Marseilles is a melodramatic place, stimulating even to the best-regulated fancy." He patted her hand. "It was a stray, of course."

All the same, he made her promise

not to set foot outside the hotel till he came for her; and next morning, taking her coffee and croissants in the big, sunny dining-room haunted by dusky, deft Levantine waiters, she kept watch for him from the window. Sunshine flashed on clanging yellow tramcars; women with yard-long loaves under their arms thronged the sidewalks shaded by trees and café awnings.

It was after ten when Philip's convertible slid up before the hotel. She ran out to meet him. His crisp hair gleamed corn-coloured in the sun; he wore dark glasses. "All ready?" he said. "I've had instructions. We're going after the red coach."

WHILE the car hummed south-west out of Marseilles, in a sun-dazzle that held a taint of molten tar, he explained. "I had to telephone half the hotels in the town," he said, "to find out where the men stayed last night. I learned that they left in the coach at five o'clock this morning. They must be pretty well up to the Spanish frontier by now. Luckily, we don't need to waste time getting visas—my diplomatic credentials will cover us."

"And when we catch up with them?"

"I've got to contrive to ask a few discreet questions of some of the men," Philip said. "This has got to be handled with kid gloves. It appears that the destroyer deal, and the recruiting of the time-expired ratings, was all open and above-board. *Stingray* has been bought and paid for by the Guanacas government, and no one else has any right to meddle either with the ship or with the men. There's a marked distaste, at high level, for alerting consuls, possibly causing exaggerated rumours and invidious publicity, on—er——"

"The suspicions of a mere codist?" said Lois.

"They don't appreciate you as I do," said Philip.

They crossed the frontier by way of the French village of Bourg Madame and the crumbling old Spanish town of Puigcerda. There was no news of the red coach. "They've crossed at some other point," Philip said. "But the routes from the north into Portugal more or less converge. We'll pick up some news of the coach sooner or later."

They took turns driving. The sun went down in flames over Aragon, and the moon rose bland and silver above the fighting bull ranges of Navarre. Very late, they stopped at a wayside posada; and scarcely, it seemed to Lois, had her head touched the pillow than Philip was knocking at her door. "Lois! Six o'clock!"

They pressed on. The heat-blur trembled over Estremadura. They passed an occasional ramshackle bus, here and there a plodding line of charcoal-laden donkeys, and once a band of raggletaggle gipsies pushing crazy handcarts, who jingled grimy-ribboned tambourines at the speeding car.

At the Portuguese frontier they had better luck.

"A motor-coach passed through this morning?" Philip asked.

"Si, senhor. Sailors going to Lisbon—British but with Guanacas documents. Barely half an hour ago."

Philip glanced at the dashboard clock as he drove on. "They should be pulling in somewhere for lunch soon," he said. "As soon as we spot them, we'll have to figure out our next step. Watch for them, Lois."

LOIS took a pair of binoculars from the glove compartment. The road undulated like a roller-coaster. Fold on fold, hills dotted with the maquis shrub rolled away into blue distances. These were the lonely uplands of Portugal. At each crest in the road, Lois searched ahead through the binoculars. She saw no moving dust-cloud, no big red motor-coach, only the empty heat-shimmer—and, at last, a village.

"They may have stopped to eat here," Philip said, and on the outskirts of the village he pulled up to reconnoitre. In front of the little white houses straggling along each side of the road, there were only bare-bottomed children and moulting fowls scratching companionably together on the tree-shaded cobbles. A stout priest, in cassock and shovel hat, came up to the car. "You have lost your way, senhor?"

"Not exactly," Philip said. "Have you seen a red motor-coach?"

"No vehicle of any kind," said the priest positively, "has been through here in the past two hours."

Two pairs of sunglasses turned blankly to each other. "They might be carrying lunch with them," Lois suggested. "They might have turned off the road back there, to picnic."

Philip backed and turned the car. They had retraced some five miles of the way they had come when a sun-flash, a moving point of dazzle up on the hillside to the right, caught her attention.

She focused the binoculars on it, and her heart jumped. "Here they come!"

In a cloud of dust, the red coach was bumping fast down the hillside track towards the road. Philip swung the convertible to the left. They pitched and rocked over stony ground into the shelter of cork trees, pulling up in the camouflaging dapple of the foliage. Simultaneously, the red coach gained the road and turned in their direction, gears whining as they were changed up. Lois glimpsed Roca, eyeshaded, at the wheel, with Don Jaime, sleek-haired, beside him;

NOW YOU KNOW

THERE'S more in bathing than keeping clean. For instance, if you have difficulty in getting to sleep, try taking a lukewarm bath before bedtime. Fill the bath with tepid water and sit in it for twenty minutes. Then dab your body lightly with a towel. It's likely that sleep will then come more easily.

If you get over-tired during the day start the morning with a quick tepid-then-cold bath. Splash yourself vigorously and follow up with a brisk rub-down. Freshen up in the same way before going out in the evening, especially if you have had a heavy day. You'll not yawn half as much.

RALEIGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM

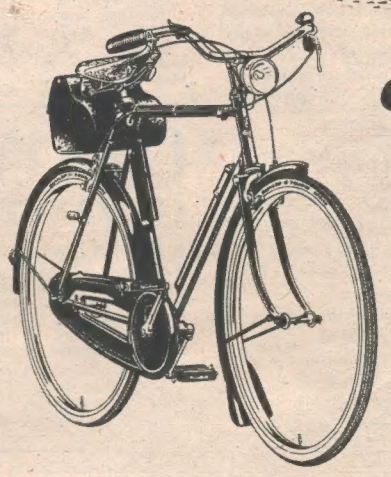
Makers of

RALEIGH *Established 1887*

RUDGE *Established 1869*

HUMBER *Established 1886*

ROBIN HOOD *Established 1907*



The Greatest Names in Cycling

Embracing the most advanced and complete specifications. Produced and built in the world's largest and most modern cycle plant.

Ask your local Dealer for Catalogues and Gradual Payment Terms

FITTED WITH STURMEY-ARCHER 3- OR 4-SPEED GEAR

CB.H.15A

It's best to buy

5'- *Inc. Pur. Tax*

The Platignum Ball-Pointed Ink-Pencil has twice the normal ink capacity. Refills, fitted in a jiffy, 1/6d.

6'1½ *Inc. Pur. Tax*

The Platignum with the Gold-Tone Nib and the Permobrite 'Push-on' Cap — elegant, efficient, AS GOOD AS GOLD.

Platignum

MADE IN ENGLAND

Obtainable from Stationers, Jewellers and Stores.

MENTMORE MANUFACTURING CO. LTD., LONDON, E.9.

G&G

TV THRILLS for THREE MORE HOMES!

"I'VE already had many hours of pleasure from my *Bullets* Television," reports £500 winner R. Harding, 30 Guilford Street, London, W.C.1. You see him here, with his fiancée, beside the elegant set which JOHN BULL presented with his cheque. "A millionaire couldn't have better entertainment," declares the previous *Bullets* £500 and TV winner, Mrs. J. D. Neal, 49 Hawthorn Road, Kettering. This week's record television offer in *Bullets* brings you a *triple* opportunity to equip your home with one of the latest and finest of sets—and the cheque which goes with it can be as big as £500!

Continued from next column

PRIZES VALUE OVER

£1,000

IN THIS WEEK'S RECORD

TELEVISION OFFER

£500, £50, £25

FIRST, SECOND & THIRD PRIZES

EACH plus TELEVISION

Through your dealer JOHN BULL presents TELEVISION INSTALLATION up to total cost of £75, including your choice of any of the following outstanding TV receivers: Alba, Bush, Cossor, Ekco, Ferguson, H.M.V., Kolster-Brandes, Murphy, Regentone. (Radiogram and Records, or extra cheque, if you are outside TV range.)

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 of 10s. 2,000 "Good Shots"

£25 in CASH BONUSES

—see coupon below

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Safer World
March Of Science
Under Stalin
Our Little Home
Guns, Tanks, Planes
Money Talks, So
Bearing Fruit
To Clear Up The Mess
Surplus
High Praise
22 Men And A Ball
The New Arrival
In His Arm-chair
Rules The Roost
Not Allowed
A Bit Familiar
Wouldn't Take Long
Fading
On Television
All Fingers And Thumbs

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Shows We're Still.....
In Grandma's .....
Down To The.....
Best.....Can Do
More Than A.....
I Like A....., But

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s, if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Sept. 30 and in JOHN BULL, dated Oct. 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,748 (or Xword 700), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ANOTHER TRIPLE TELEVISION OFFER

next week and thrilling Birthday Offer in "Bulletin" dated Sept. 23 —apply on coupon below.

"Bullets" Winners 1,743

FIRST PRIZE, £500: A. D. Andrews, 5A Salisbury Road, Edinburgh:

WORLD I DREAM OF GLAMOROUS—AWAKE TO, CLAMOROUS!

£50: Miss J. Eite, 28 Isandula Road, Basford, Nottingham: FOOTBALLER'S PROBLEM—FORGETTING HE'S FOOTBALL'S "FOOTBALL."

£25: S. Seagrave, 58 Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield: HOLIDAY I DREAM OF—IN HOSPITAL DECK-CHAIR, *Work*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: J. F. Cook, 52 Coleridge Avenue, South Shields: TO HIS WIFE—"MORNING, BEAUTIFUL!" MORNING BEAUTIFUL! £10: L. Wadsworth, 1 Whittle Street, Littleborough, Lancs: DEMOCRACY'S TEAM—"TRAIN" *After* "MATCH" STARTS! £5: E. W. Bailey, 30 Chatham Avenue, Bridgwater: WHEN THINGS GET RUSTY—"RUB WITH SOIL" BRIGHTENS. £5: W. Best, c/o 1 Church Close, Wicken, Bucks: WHEN THINGS GET HOT—"SMITH" REALLY STARTS "HAMMERING." £5: J. N. Cudd, 20 Cleeve Road, Knowle, Bristol: WITH ACHING FEET—PEACE PLODS—MARS MECHANIZED. £5: S. S. Parfitt, 49 Allen Street, Mountain Ash: BREAK I DREAM OF—"REDS SUNK"—"POCKETS" FULL. £5: M. F. Robinson, 64 Hengistbury Road, Bournemouth: ONE GLORIOUS PIECE—LET EARTH STAY IN!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated August 26. 50 new "Johnny-Basket" Prizes and 2,000 "Good Shots" have also been dispatched.

Continued in previous column

CASH INCREASED TO £500

CELEBRATING 700th CROSSWORD!

HOW TO WIN. First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

£350 FIRST PRIZE

£100 CASH AMONGST 1st RUNNERS-UP

£50 CASH AMONGST 2nd RUNNERS-UP

Winner's Telegram Wed., Sept. 20
All prizes posted Wed., Sept. 27

Across Clues XWORD 700

1. A nurse, who really knows her job, is
2. When evil-doer repents, it may be put down to this of conscience
4. Just the sort of thing which provides relief in times of stress
7. A good chessplayer doesn't scorn to take these
10. Prefers to sell pretty quickly
12. Hikers like a bright and gay one
13. It's not enough for deep-sea diver merely to get this

Down Clues

2. Is very often a crank
3. Is likely to be woolly
5. Light ones are the more popular
6. To do this because of grave trouble is some justification
8. You should be able to see where you've been with one
9. Big one makes it uphill work for a man
10. In busy thoroughfare, it's silly for people to stand and do this at navvies digging up the road
11. A youngster may begin, innocently enough, by taking one and end by going too far

2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 695

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 3, Wile. 6, Leap. 9, Feed. 12, Farce. 13, Care. 14, Bog. 15, Firm. DOWN: 1, Blow. 2 Main. 4, Lease. 5, Rug. 7, Gold. 8, Gang or Ging. 10, Gamp. 11, Bend.

TWO £120 SHARERS: W. J. Balcombe, 10 Hauteville, Guernsey; A. Campbell, 184 Chryston Road, Chryston, Glasgow.

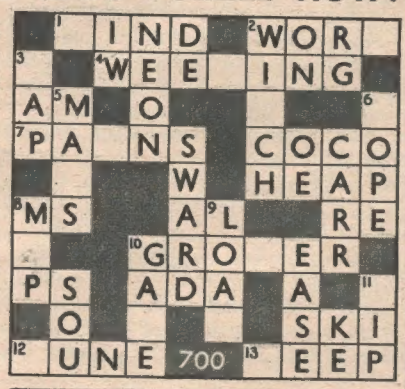
Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 47 entrants who also receive Food Parcels. "Signposts" to 2nd Runners-up.

TRY THIS £500 PUZZLE NOW!

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated September 23.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **700** Closing Postmark, Monday, Sept. 11

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

£25 IN CASH BONUSES

As winner of one of the 20 chief prizes you share this additional £25 if your successful effort was one of four or more *Bullets* on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Closing Postmark. **1,748** MON., Sept. 11

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value ..... No. .....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

.....

FOR "BULLETS" BIRTHDAY "BULLETIN," APPLY on this COUPON

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for eight weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE. If requiring Specimen copy only, affix 2½d. stamp below.

P.O. 1s. No.....

For SPECIMEN copy of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Sept. 23 **STICK 2½d. STAMP HERE**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

561

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

then the men at the windows swept by. They were in uniform, now—the whites of Royal Navy ratings but with "Republica de Guanacas" gold-lettered on their capbands. The coach swept past, the dust swirled up, and Philip reached for the starter. Lois caught his wrist.

"Philip!" She was breathless. She could scarcely believe what her own eyes had seen. "They weren't the same men! They weren't Ted and Curly and Jock and the rest of them. They were strangers! Philip—" her voice sailed up a whole octave—"*the crew's been switched!*"

Philip said grimly, "It must just have happened," and he bounced the car back on to the road, swung left, then sharp right, up the hillside track from which the red coach had come. Lois shouted to him, "El Campañero!" The whole thing clicked together in her mind. This was nothing less than the theft of a destroyer. General Garcilaso Branco was exiled in Europe. Don Jaime must be a sympathizer of his; he must have tipped off El Campañero about the destroyer purchase and the dispatch of the crew overland to Lisbon. From the waterfronts of Marseilles, Cadiz, Barcelona, El Campañero must secretly have raked together a substitute crew capable of manning *Stingray*. He must have mustered them here, over the Portuguese frontier, and awaited the arrival of Don Jaime.

PHILIP hurled the car round a bend in the steep, stone-strewn track. On the left, a little above the track, appeared a long, low building of stone casemates and jutting bastions, in which were set small, barred window embrasures. It was an ancient fort, one of those relics of the Napoleonic wars which dot the uplands of Portugal from the Torres Vedras to Braganza.

A confused sound of shouting came from the fort. Up on the bank there, a man's figure stood dwarfed by the casemates. He wore a blue shirt and conical sombrero, carried a slung rifle, and seemed to be looking in through a barred window set low in the casemate. Philip roared the car straight up the bank on to the level before the fort. With a yell, the guard unslung his rifle. Philip drove the car straight at him. The man sprang aside, tripped over fallen masonry, went sprawling. Philip pulled up with a jerk, leaped out, yanked him up and hit him with an emphasis Lois had never suspected in that fastidious young man.

A roar of cheering came from the window, and Lois saw Ted Smith's face at the bars. "The key, miss!" Ted was yelling. "He's got a key on him!"

Philip found the key, unlocked the low, iron-studded door arched into the casemate. The crew, in those new grey flannels and tweed jackets, came swarming out as angry as hornets.

"Brought us up here for lunch, the softsoaping perisher," Ted Smith raged as he poured out his story. "When we stepped out of the coach, about forty perishers with rifles rose up from the rocks all round. 'Inside, suckers,' said Don Hymie—and there wasn't a thing we could do about it. They pinched our documents, uniforms. . . ."

"That'll do, there," said an authoritative voice. A stocky man in tweeds, with a furrowed, tanned face, white hair and bushy white eyebrows, had come out from the casemate. With him were several other men Lois had never seen before.

"I don't know who you are, sir," the white-haired man said to Philip, "but we're indebted to you for our release. I'm Commander Crowder, R.N., retired, now under contract to the government of Guanacas. These gentlemen are my officers. We were on our way from London to Lisbon by car, to take over the Guanacas destroyer *Stingray*. After crossing the frontier yesterday afternoon, we were decoyed up here to this fort. We were seized and held."

He glanced round. "Mr. Cross!"

"Sir?"

"Take over here." He turned to Philip. "The blackguards made off with our car. I take it I can impose on you for a lift? I must get through to the Guanacas consul-general on the nearest telephone."

There was a telephone at the house of the priest in the village where Lois and Philip had turned back; and when the commander came out from the house, his white eyebrows were bristling with satisfaction. "Sound fellow, that padre," he said, getting back into the car beside Lois. "He's sending carts up to the fort. And Don Francisco Larios, the consul-general, is taking hold, down in Lisbon. Gave him a shock, by Harry! He's having the police throw a cordon round the dock area. The red coach and every manjack aboard it will be arrested on sight. Step on it, Mr. Graven!"

THE sun still was high when, some two hours later, they swept over a crest in the road and the commander exclaimed, "There she is!" To the left, and far below, Lois saw the wide estuary of the Tagus, shining between steep hillsides rich with trees and dotted over with white mansions. In mid-stream lay the sleek, silver-grey shape of a destroyer. "The old *Stingray*," said the commander. "By Harry, I came damned near losing her! I'm grateful to you two. I——" He broke off.

Neither the immaculate young diplomat nor the girl seemed to be paying much attention to the warship they had saved.

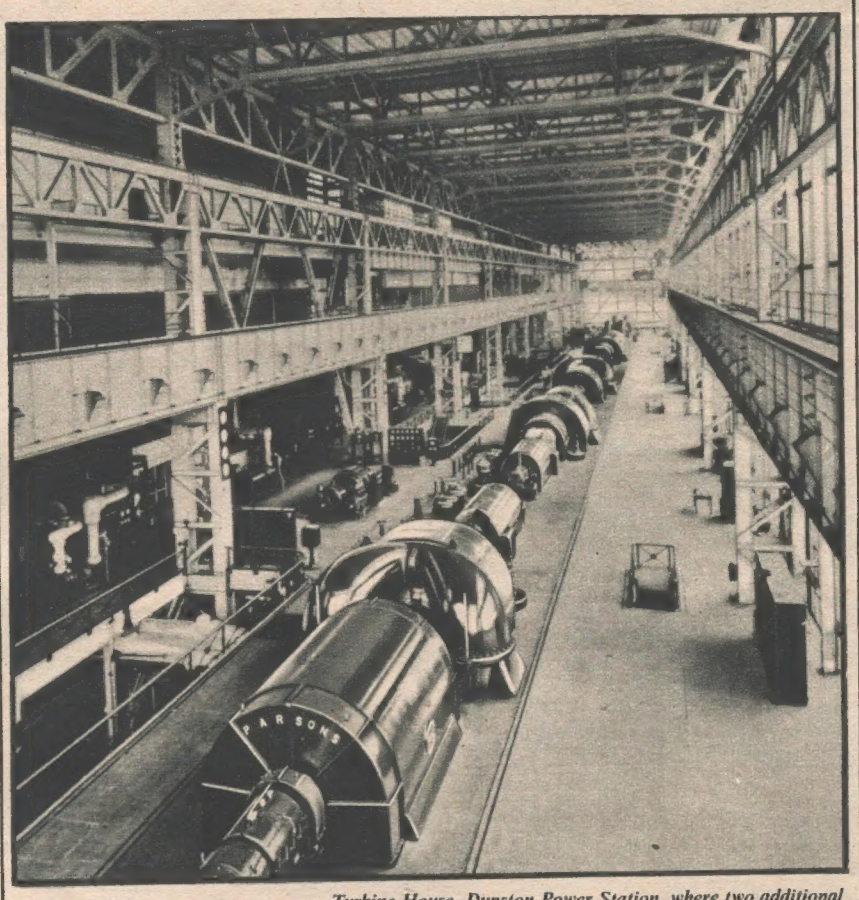
Philip was examining Lois's eyes intently, and her nose and her ears. They seemed to be affording him immense satisfaction.

The car had pulled up at an impressive looking house with a flag flying from a mast. Out of it rushed an excited little man. Catching sight of Lois, he flung wide his arms.

"Miss Forrest?" he said. "Is it Miss Forrest? You have changed the history of a country."

But Lois still paid no attention. Philip was now examining her hands. His eyes paused at her wristwatch. She looked at it herself. The hands still pointed to ten minutes to two, where they had stopped, a long way away, in the French Alps. Lois glanced up at Philip with a smile, and he nodded thoughtfully.

"From the groom," predicted the foresighted diplomatist—"a wristlet watch." THE END



Turbine House, Dunston Power Station, where two additional 50,000 kilowatt turbo-alternators are nearing completion

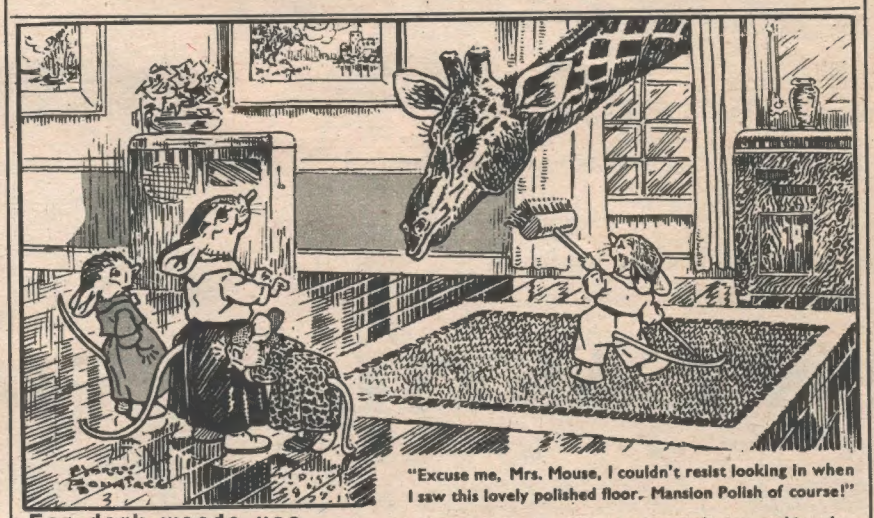
More Power from Dunston Power Station

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, important extensions are being made to 43 of British Electricity's existing power stations. At Dunston, near Newcastle, for instance, 27,000 kilowatts of new generating capacity were added towards the end of last year, and a further 67,000 kilowatts are expected to be available before the end of the present year. Altogether, these extensions to 43 existing stations, which are part of British Electricity's plan to overcome the post-war power shortage, will add 2,750,000 kilowatts—equal to almost 3,700,000 horsepower—to the national power supply.

These extensions, together with the 38 new power stations which British Electricity are building, will provide the 'more power' so urgently needed for factories, farms and our homes.

more power to the nation

BRITISH ELECTRICITY



"Excuse me, Mrs. Mouse, I couldn't resist looking in when I saw this lovely polished floor. Mansion Polish of course!"

"Yes—Mrs. Giraffe—I'd never dream of using anything else. 'Mansion' keeps my home so bright, clean and healthy."

For dark woods use 'DARK MANSION' Tins 9d., 1/4 and 4/3.

MP/V9/2

Battle of the Bath

POSITIVE HEALTH finds its reflection in a zest for living—at *all* times. But neither health nor growth can be maintained without the indispensable 'preventive' B group vitamins. Let Yestamin provide these vital factors, so often lacking in today's starchy, devitalized diet. Three palatable, crunchy tablets with each meal release *extra* energy from all your food. Start taking Yestamin today.

YESTAMIN

3 TABLETS— 3 TIMES A DAY

DAILY YEAST

Obtainable only from Chemists

100 TABLETS 1/6
300 TABLETS 4/-

I think it's a lovely idea!

Beecham's Pills

SMOOTH COATED

Smooth Coated—or in the original form—you will find in Beecham's Pills a gentle, reliable and effective laxative. 1/6d. and 3/8d. per box. 3 Twists for 3½d.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS!

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage on single copies: Inland and Abroad, 1½d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

A summer dream comes true...
...with a
Castile Complexion
"... the loveliest words I've ever heard!
Philip told me the first thing he noticed was my complexion.
And I know that as long as I use Knight's Castile
I'll always have the complexion he loves."
KNIGHT'S CASTILE
Complexion Soap
KNIGHT'S CASTILE
for Lifelong Loveliness!
KC 376-80
Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited